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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**COLUMNIST'S YEARLING BROTHER**

What of his future? (pages 22, 23)



**"You're as busy  
as a bee . . .**

. . . when you're a grandmother. Dear me, it seems only yesterday that my children were toddlers in the home . . . and now I've grandchildren all over the country. I wouldn't see them from one year's end to another if it weren't for A.N.A. air travel. Right now, I'm about to attend the christening of Annie's first boy . . . but I'll be back before the week-end, I have to be, because Laura's coming to stay. Air travel certainly lets me get about and it's such a treat travelling by A.N.A. —they're all so friendly and courteous, and they seem to have a service to every single place I want to visit. I no longer worry about my scattered family. A.N.A. brings us all close together.



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# The Major Minds the Minor



WITH a sigh, Major Lewis Fives surveyed the bleak desolation of his room and reminded himself for the one thousand and eighty-ninth time (a) that it was nothing short of a miracle to have found a room at all; (b) that it was a palatial abode compared with a foxhole in New Guinea; and (c) that he would much prefer the foxhole.

The reminder brought him no comfort.

Despondently his eye roved about the room, noting the scrofulous condition of paint and paper, the rickety bureau, the faded couch cover on the hard sofa bed. Light was thrown on the scene by a central fixture furnished recklessly with a forty-watt bulb.

He slid dispiritedly down into his chair and uttered a bad word as the spring poked him sharply. His pipe had gone out.

Hurriedly he sprang to his feet, and was out of the room in a flash, running down the creaking stairs and out into the comparative freshness of the air.

He had no plan, no specific place to go. It wasn't really companionship he craved, but some place that was neat, and clean, and restful, with a good reading light and perhaps a radio. He was suddenly

overwhelmingly homesick as he tramped along.

Looking at the lighted windows of houses lining the street, he thought of his home—the studio house he had built for himself in his home town. He had so little time in which to enjoy it before the war came. He had enlisted at once, for surely architects could be of some use, and a healthy man of thirty with no dependants had a duty to his country. The Army had agreed, and in due course he had gone overseas.

Coming home with high hopes of a discharge, Major Fives had been dismayed to find himself classed as indispensable.

"It's a dirty trick, Fives," Colonel Davis had said, almost pleadingly, "but you've got the knowledge to do this job. I don't think it will take long—just a few months—and it's not as though you had a wife and family waiting for you."

"True," Lewis remarked sadly, "but is that any reason for tying me down so I can't remedy the error?"

Colonel Davis looked at him in astonishment. "Er—I always thought you were just as well pleased," he said tentatively. "Weren't you the chap who said war marriages were a mistake?"

"So I did," Lewis agreed glumly. "I think I was mistaken."

The job was absorbing, but the problem of what to do with his leisure time was becoming alarming. What had he done with his free time before the war? he wondered. Well, of course, he had been home then, among relatives and old friends—and he had had his own house in which to read and relax in solitude. That was what he missed now. The dismal dreariness of his room was slowly driving him mad.

However, he couldn't simply walk around the streets. There were no films he wanted to see. Inevitably he was reduced to choosing a couple of indifferent mysteries at the local library, going home and reading until he might reasonably turn out the light and expect to sleep.

By ELSIE LEE

In a mood of despair, he turned into the library and scanned the bookshelves. He picked out his books, and as he stood waiting for the girl to charge them to him he idly examined the little notice-board near her desk. Sometimes the local items were amusing.

At once, his eyes caught a fresh slip of neatly typed white paper posted at the side, reading with the humorous desperation so fashionable nowadays:

"Some widows feel it's disloyal to remarry," Joan said thoughtfully, gazing down at Lewis.

Female afflicted by claustrophobia wants baby minder—evenings only. Won't somebody please give me a chance to see a picture or play bridge? Good baby, nice living-room, and all the comforts of home. Mrs. Kendall, 34 Pine Road.

Lewis sighed. Nice living-room—who would ever want to leave that? If he only had a nice living-room he'd never go out.

"Your books," said the girl.

Automatically, Major Fives paid for them, his eyes fixed absently on the slip of paper. He tucked the books under his arm, and plunged forth into the street. "Nice living-room and all the comforts of home" ran through his head as he tramped along. Suddenly he turned and, with rapid steps, returned to the library.

"Where is Pine Road?" he asked.

Ten minutes later he was standing in front of an attractive little cottage, ringing the bell. He was whistling softly when the door opened and he found himself facing a pretty young woman with a cloud of fair hair.

"Mrs. Kendall?" he asked politely.

"Yes?" she replied.

"I'm Major Fives. You advertised for a baby minder?"

"Oh, yes," she said, smiling warmly and opening the door wider. "You know of someone? Do come in."

One glance at the nice living-room behind her went to the major's head.

"I'd be only too pleased to take the job," he said.

She backed away and measured him with faintly suspicious eyes.

"Do I gather that you are offering to be a baby minder?" she asked in a strangled voice. "But . . ."

He said very earnestly: "Mrs. Kendall, I saw your advertisement in the library this evening and it occurred to me that we ought to be able to make some sort of arrangement to our mutual satisfaction. I'm at a loose end, finishing up a job for the anticlimax department, and marking time until I can get my discharge."

Still she looked doubtful, and he went on hurriedly:

"I'm living in the most soul withering room you ever laid your eyes on. There isn't even a decent reading light. You need someone to watch your baby, and I need a nice, comfortable living-room to sit in—it's as simple as that. I'll be glad to give you references, of course. Perhaps you know my superior officer, Colonel Richard Davis? He lives somewhere about here."

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# ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

**H**ERCULE POIROT sat in silence a few moments, eyeing Alistair Blunt thoughtfully, apparently turning the banker's last words carefully over in his mind.

"So you don't support the theory that someone tried to bribe Morley to put you out of the way?" he said at length.

"I tell you again, it's sheer nonsense," Blunt said emphatically.

"Ah, but is it nonsense? Say one wishes to put someone out of the way. Yes, but that someone is forewarned, forearmed, difficult of access. To kill that person it is necessary to be able to approach him without awakening his suspicions—and where would a man be less suspicious than in a dentist's chair?"

"Well, that's true, I suppose. I never thought of it like that."

"It is true. And once I realised it I had my first vague glimmering of the truth."

"So you accepted Barnes' theory? Who is Barnes, by the way?"

"Barnes was Reilly's twelve o'clock patient. He is retired from the Home Office and lives at Ealing. An insignificant little man. But you are wrong when you say I accepted his theory. I did not. I only accepted the principle of it."

"What do you mean?"

"All along," Poirot said, "I have been led astray—sometimes unwittingly, sometimes deliberately and for a purpose. All along it was presented to me, forced upon me, that this was what you might call a public crime. That is to say that you, M. Blunt, were the focus of it all, in your public character. You, the banker, you, the controller of

finance, you, the upholder of conservative tradition! But every public character has a private life also. That was my mistake, I forgot the private life.



"It is all over," Poirot said tiredly, coming towards the young people.

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of our gripping  
mystery serial

By ...

**AGATHA  
CHRISTIE**

vital question: Where is Miss Sainsbury Seale now?"

"Well?" Alistair Blunt shifted impatiently in his chair. "And did your new idea explain all this to your satisfaction?"

"Yes—it did all that and more. It showed me that Miss Sainsbury Seale was the beginning and middle and end of the case. No wonder it had seemed to me that there were two Mabelle Sainsbury Seales. There were two Mabelle Sainsbury Seales. There was the good, stupid, amiable woman who was vouched for so confidently by her friends. And there was the other—the woman who was mixed up with two murders, who told lies and vanished mysteriously."

"Remember, the porter at King Leopold Mansions said that Miss Sainsbury Seale had been there once before ..."

"In my reconstruction of the case, that first time was the only time. She never left King Leopold Mansions. The other Miss Sainsbury Seale took her place. That other Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, dressed in clothes of the same type and wearing a new pair of shoes with buckles because the others were too large for her, went to the Russell Square Hotel at a busy time of day, packed up the dead woman's clothes, paid the bill, and left for the Glengowrie Court Hotel."

Hercule Poirot paused.

"None of the real Miss Sainsbury Seale's friends saw her after that time," he went on. "So this other woman played the part of Mabelle Sainsbury Seale there for over a week. She wore her clothes, she talked in her voice, but she had to buy a smaller pair of evening shoes, too. And then—she vanished, her last appearance being when she was seen re-entering King Leopold Mansions on the evening of the day Morley was killed."

Please turn to page 21

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There existed private reasons for killing Morley—Frank Carter's, for instance. There could also exist private reasons for killing you. You had relations who would inherit money when you died. You had people who loved and hated you. So I came to the supreme instance of what I call 'the forced card.' The purported attack upon you by Frank Carter."

"I still don't see—" Blunt began, but Poirot waved him aside.

"If that attack was genuine—then it was a political crime. But was there any other explanation? There could be. There was a second man in the shrubbery. The man who rushed up and seized Carter. A man who could easily have fired that shot and then tossed the pistol to Carter's feet so that the latter would almost inevitably pick it up and be found with it in his hand."

"I considered the problem of Howard Raikes. Raikes had been at Queen Charlotte Street that morning of Morley's death. Raikes was a bitter enemy of all that you stood for and were. Yes, but Raikes was something more. Raikes was the man who might marry your niece, and with you dead your niece would inherit a very handsome income, even though you had prudently arranged that she could not touch the principal."

"Was the whole thing, after all, a private crime—a crime for private gain, for private satisfaction? Why had I thought it a public crime? Because, not once, but many times, that idea had been suggested to me, had been forced upon me like a forced card ..."

"It was then, when that idea occurred to me, that I had my first glimmering of the truth. I was in church at the time and singing a verse of a psalm. It spoke of a snare laid with cords ..."

"A snare?" Blunt echoed, staring at him.

"Yes, a snare. And laid for me. It could be. But in that case who had laid it? There was only one person who could have laid it ... And that did not make sense—or did it? Had I



**EVEN A  
KITTEN'S JEALOUS**

Petal soft warmth and velvety smoothness intertwine for "Snuggl-down" lingerie—to vie with a kitten's caresses. Like most good things, "Snuggl-down" is rather scarce at present (due to a world-wide shortage of yarn), but limited supplies are available at leading stores.



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IT was in London, the summer of 1938, that Blue Adams and Marina Breakspere met at a cocktail party, and, in only a little less time than it takes to drop a hat, fell violently in love with each other.

Six hours later, while treading the stately measure of the Lambeth Walk, they plighted their troth; and the next morning—since Blue's paper had cabled him to make tracks for Prague—they were married by special licence, and set off, all smiles, for a honeymoon in Czechoslovakia.

Though this haste would have been deplored by many experts in marital relations, the young Adames certainly looked like people who live happily ever after.

Marina had that shine, that air of being special and set apart, which makes a woman exciting and desirable; Blue was handsome and high-spirited and very definitely had a way with him. And, despite their different nationalities, both had grown up to be citizens of the world.

Blue was a roving correspondent for the New York States-Graphic, and Marina, whose father was in the British Foreign Office, had spent most of her twenty years travelling about. All in all, you would have thought them an ideally suited couple.

They thought so, too, for nearly a week; then the honeymoon suffered a total eclipse. A stormy parting in Prague was followed by an exchange of remorseful long-distance calls and tender telegrams, culminating in an ecstatic reunion in Paris, but this episode merely served to establish a precedent.

During the next year and a half, Mr. and Mrs. Adams said good-bye forever in twelve different countries, and forgave and forgot and quarrelled again in eleven of them. The twelfth country, which happened to be Turkey, witnessed the pay-off.

"This time," declared Marina at the apex of a scene of some duration, "it's really and truly the end. I knew all along it would be an enormous blunder to come back to you."

"Oh, indeed?" taunted her husband. "Then why did you?"

"Because it was April," said Marina, "and because I'd never seen moonlight on the Bosphorus, and because I refused to believe that a man could be such a complete pig, so stupid and stubborn and utterly hateful, and so—"

"And so what?"

She lowered her eyes. "And so very, very sweet," she murmured.

"Now, then, Marina!" admonished Blue.

"Oh, don't worry. I detest you. But I always try to be fair. And you are sweet. And you are nice and strong. And you've got a cowlick on the exact top of your head that springs up overnight and has to be brushed down furiously in the morning."

"One of your most unfortunate characteristics, Marina," Blue said thoughtfully, "is your amazing inability to maintain an impersonal attitude toward any member of the opposite sex, no matter how minor a role he plays in your life."

"If you're giving me a character," said Marina, "I've a right to know what you're saying. And how can I, possibly, when you clutter up your sentences with great ghastly heaps of rhetoric?"

"I simply meant," explained Blue, "that it makes no difference who the man is, a cannibal chief or an archbishop—or even the husband you detest—you can't relax till you've tried your hardest to charm the socks off him."

"I have never met an archbishop," said Marina with dignity. "I wonder if I ever shall," she mused.

"Please," said Blue, "let's not continue the issue."

"Issue," echoed Marina. "Issue, issue, issue. It sounds like a sneeze, or a Siberian rail junction, or a Hindu god—the one with such a large stomach and dozens and dozens of arms."

"Downs, nothing! Precisely four."

"I shan't argue," said Marina, "because then you'd scold me for confusing the issue. And considering that we may never set eyes on each other again—!" Her voice trailed off and her eyes filled with



## MY WIFE, MY WIFE

By VIRGINIA FAULKNER

tears. "Blue! Perhaps we won't meet again, ever, at all! And we may live to be very old."

Blue mopped his forehead. "Now don't start dramatising things," he said in rather strained tones. "You know as well as I do we're incompatible; we've proved it time and time again."

"In between times, though," reflected Marina, "we had some frightfully compatible moments. Do you remember that little bar in Marseilles? It was raining—"

"And you were cold and we danced to get warm."

"And the sailor who played the concertina."

"And knew only one tune—that waltz—"

"That miracle of a waltz! And Buda? Do you remember Buda? And the swan boat? And how stunned the man looked when we—"

"I remember even more vividly how stunned you looked when I turned up at Lugano a day early and you were—"

"I was nothing or the kind!" flared Marina. "Sir Francis is an old, old friend of my father's, and you behaved like a boor—"

"Quiet!" thundered Blue. "What's the use of any more raving and bel-lowing? Once and for all, let's get divorced!"

Without a word, Marina began to pull out drawers and fling things into suitcases, nor did she address Blue again until the luggage had gone down, and she asked him for her passport.

"Where are you off to? If it's any of my business."

"It isn't," said Marina, "but I'm going to Paris. Uncle John's there, and he has everything about divorces at his finger-tips."

"Why don't you go to New York? It's—"

"Nothing could induce me to go

to New York. I don't intend to have anything more to do with Americans again, ever."

"Even so," said Blue, "there's a war on, and—"

"Pooh," said Marina. "There's also the Maginot Line and the whole British Army and the whole French Army."

"Well . . . will you let me know how you are?"

"No; and I don't care to hear how you are, either. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Or would you like me to come along to the airport?"

"I should loathe it." She started out the door, then hesitated. "Will you be marrying again soon, do you think?"

"Good Lord, Marina, how do I know?"

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Why not?"

"I just wouldn't."

"I shall marry whomever I choose," stated Blue, "whenever I choose, and as often as I choose."

"You can marry hundreds and hundreds of times," said Marina, "you can marry till you're black in the face, but you will always love me much the best."

Blue glanced significantly at his watch. "I can read the future, too," he said, "and, according to my crystal ball, if you don't hurry you'll miss your plane."

THIRTY days later there was no man in the world who could read the future. Hitler's armies had risen up in their mechanised might, had fallen on country after country with steel and flame, had conquered and swept on. And on a road south of Paris, one pleasant May morning, a squadron of Nazi planes swooped low and emptied their bomb racks where the long, slow-moving line of refugees was thickest.

Blue was in Dover, trying des-

"You! But you're supposed to be dead," Blue gasped, staring at her.

perately to get to Paris, when Marina was first reported missing; three weeks later it was officially confirmed that she had been killed on her way to Bordeaux.

During that terrible summer Blue saw whole cities extinguished, saw nations dying, but in spite of all the horrors that he witnessed he could not be reconciled to the fact that Providence had failed to keep a special eye on Marina.

But Blue was young, and in war-time one learns to live without the past or the future; the only realities are the day's headlines and the day's work. Greece fell; Russia was invaded; Egypt was threatened; Japan struck.

It was in Lisbon that he met Ilse Reinert, a charming, urbane, and altogether delightful Viennese. Blue was on an assignment, Ilse was desperately trying to obtain seats for herself and her aged father on the clipper. The war had deprived her of her country, her husband, and her fortune—of everything except the hope that she and her father could get to America. And even this hope was now dwindling fast.

Because he foresaw what must be their inevitable fate, and because, even after two years' exposure to wholesale waste of human lives, he could not remain passive at the spectacle of it, and also—it must be confessed—because he was tremendously attracted to Ilse, Blue decided to intervene on her behalf.

He pulled wires, he slung his

weight mightily round, and within a week Ilse and her father were winging their way towards their desired goal.

Months later, when Blue Adams arrived in New York for a well-earned vacation, it was only natural that he should go to look Ilse up at the address where—according to a profusely grateful letter which she had written him and which, by some miracle, he had received—she and her father were now comfortably installed.

Blue found her attractions considerably enhanced. He found her administration of the apartment delightful and soothing.

He fell in love with her, proposed to her at the end of twenty-four hours, and at regular intervals thereafter.

Ilse at first seemed a little dubious of his sincerity.

"But maybe you are not being quite practical," she said hesitantly.

"I think I'm being extremely practical," said Blue.

"No, please, you do not understand," said Ilse quickly. "You see, I am sure there must be some lady you have much better reason to marry."

"No, Ilse," Blue assured her. "You're the only lady I feel like marrying."

That seemed to settle Ilse's doubts, and the following week Blue finally received her promise that she definitely would marry him.

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*Typically  
English*



Cork  
Tipped

**De Reszke**  
*Virginia*  
C I G A R E T T E S



# The Puzzle Knot

By WALTER C. BROWN

IN the house there was Cham Tai, master of Han history, a man of wealth, tall, lean, and showing his years in the lines on his face. There was his wife, Mai-an, a slender, dark-eyed beauty, young and wilful.

There was also Yuan Kee, Cham's trusted secretary, of an age with pretty little Mai-an, and quite handsome. Two men and one woman. A situation older than the first written word.

In the countries of the West it is called a "triangle"; but in Cham Tai's province of the Land of the Dragon it is spoken of as a "puzzle knot." Men have called it many different names, but the problem is the same in all languages. And each man must work out his own solution.

"Aye!" It was said, "Cham Tai is a very learned man—a man of great knowledge, but small wisdom. He can recite the history of every Han emperor, relate countless tales of scandal concerning empresses dead these two thousand years; yet he does not see what is taking place under his own roof. Alas, it is a great pity!"

But they were mistaken. Far from what happened afterward, it was evident that Cham Tai was fully aware of the "puzzle knot" in his household, and his plans for solving it must have been worked out to the smallest detail before he set out for the Valley of the Hundred Graves.

This Valley was Cham Tai's own secret discovery, the crowning achievement of a lifetime devoted to research and exploration of Han relics. It lay hidden in a remote and desolate stretch of the Bald Mountains, and it contained long rows of Han graves, sealed-up tombs standing untouched through 20 centuries of time.

Cham Tai's explorations there had been cut short when the tides of war swept across the Bald Mountains, forcing him to abandon his research and flee for his life. But now the Brown Devils had been conquered and cast forth from the land, and Cham was free to return to the Valley and explore its priceless historical relics.

And so they took their departure—Cham Tai, Mai-an, his wife, and Yuan Kee, the young secretary. After several days' journey they came to the city where the caravans gather for the plodding march westward across the barren, sandy wastes.

Making arrangements to travel with a certain tea-caravan, Cham Tai busied himself hiring coolies, gathering together supplies, and buying the required number of riding horses and sturdy pack donkeys needed for the trip.

On the tenth day of the Moon of Rice, they set out with the tinkling caravan, following an ancient post road still marked by the guiding pyramids of heaped stones that had been set up hundreds of years ago by order of Genghis Khan. Of the three, only Cham Tai was in usual spirits. The petulant Mai-an rode in silence, her dark eyes sullen, her lacquer-red lips still pouting because Cham Tai had ignored her protests against coming on this uncomfortable trek into the wilds. Young Yuan Kee, too, was silent—but watchful.

At last, at the thirty-seventh stone marker beyond Red Turtle Mountain, they parted company with the tea-caravan. For seven days Cham Tai led them southward, following narrow valleys that were like sword cuts between blunt, rough-heaved mountains. The valleys, of sun-baked sand and clay and gravel, were waterless, treeless, bare even of grass.

It was a land of parched desolation, of an eerie, empty stillness that reduced all masters and servants alike, to taut silence, broken only

by the gurgling slap-slap of the water-cans tightly roped on the donkeys' backs.

By that time Mai-an was no longer pouting; she was frightened. Moistening her painted lips with the tip of her little pink tongue, she darted apprehensive glances from the pale, uneasy face of Yuan Kee to the stern, impassive mask of Cham Tai, her husband.

Late on the seventh day they came into the Valley of Graves.

"Hail! Nothing is changed—nothing disturbed!" Cham Tai exclaimed. "The Brown Devils did not find their way here."

Mai-an stared at the grim, barren landscape with fear and distaste. A great uneasiness filled her. For days she had waited for a chance to exchange her whispered fear with Yuan Kee, but somehow Cham Tai's shadow was always between them.

Now, brisk and curt, Cham Tai gave his orders for the making of camp—his own tent to be placed here, Mai-an's tent to the left, Yuan Kee's to the right. Then the trail driver and the pack coolies were directed to set up their own camp some distance away.

"We will do no more to-day," Cham Tai announced. "After we have taken rice we will retire to our tents and sleep that we may all be rested and freshened for the morrow."

So they retired, and slept. But in the morning Cham Tai was awakened by loud voices, edged with panic, calling his name.

"Awaken, Cham Tai!" Yuan Kee was shouting. "We have fallen into the hands of thieves! Our men are gone—the horses—the precious water—everything."

"Rouse yourself, My Lord!" Mai-an was wailing. "They have all run away in the night! Alas, they have left us alone to perish!"

But Cham Tai rose without haste. "Tsil! Cease your shouting, both of you," he ordered curtly. "The men have not run away. They have been paid off and sent away—by my orders!"

"But, but why, My Lord?" Mai-an stammered.

"Because of a certain matter pertaining to the three of us that must be settled," Cham Tai replied evenly. "It is not fitting that coolie ears should overhear our words."

Mai-an understood then, and her smooth cheeks grew paler than the rice powder which covered them. And Yuan Kee understood, also, for his lips tightened.

"I shall speak out in plain words," Cham Tai declared. "I have heard whispers of evil doings under the roof of Cham Tai. It is said that Mai-an, his wife, has forgotten her marriage vows." He looked at her sternly. "Is this true?"

"It is a lie!" Mai-an cried. "A thrice-cursed lie! My Lord, I swear—" Then her pretty face wilted before Cham Tai's pitiless gaze, and she shrank back, silent.

"And you, Yuan Kee?" Cham Tai turned to his secretary. "What answer do you make?" he asked inexorably.

Yuan Kee's shoulders were rigid. "This much is truth, Cham Tai," he said falteringly, "that—words of love have passed between us—"

Mai-an cried out in frightened protest, but Yuan continued unheeding: "This I cannot deny, Cham Tai; but the fault does not lie upon Mai-an's head, nor yet upon mine. I swear by Tao that love came to us unbidden and unsought. It came from the Lords of Destiny—a gift—"



Mai-an stood rooted, speechless, staring at the gourd as though it were a coiled snake.

"Aye!" Cham Tai said bitterly. "A gift—at my expense! Have I not already shared enough with you, Yuan Kee? Did I not open my doors to you, share with you my knowledge, my hopes and plans, so that we might work loyally side by side, like father and son?"

Yuan Kee bowed his head, his face flushed with shame.

"And you, Mai-an?" Cham's voice sharpened. "Did I not choose you for wife—you, daughter of a house of poverty? Empty handed you came to me, and I gave you my name, my house, and my purse—aye, I gave you silk to wear, and servants to wait upon you. Tsai! Now, by way of thanks, you have woven our three lives into a puzzle knot!"

Cham's voice hardened. "This stain on the House of Cham must be washed away! I have often shown you, Mai-an, the Long Sword of my ancestors, with this lettering upon the blade: 'It is better to die with honor than live in dishonor!'"

"You—you would not kill me?" Mai-an sobbed. She was trembling with terror at Cham Tai's relentless tone.

Yuan Kee stepped forward. "Spare her, I beg you, Cham Tai! If there be guilt, let its full burden fall upon me alone. I willingly yield up my life to you, if it will serve to ransom Mai-an from death."

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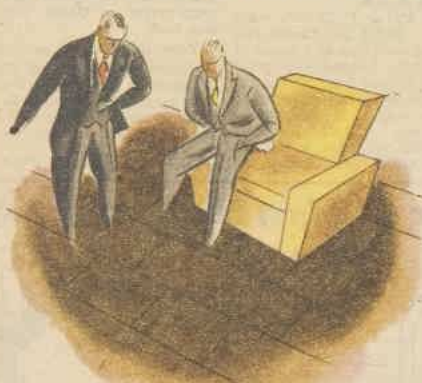
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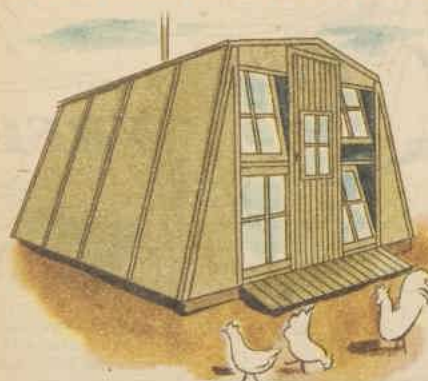
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# THEY'RE ALL "OLIVER TWISTS" IN BRITAIN NOW



THREE LONDON WOMEN scraping coal dust and tiny pieces of coal from a wagon in a coal yard at Walworth, South-east London. Even tiny fragments are precious.

## But the young still dance the blues away

Radioed by BETTY NESBIT, who has just arrived in London

The second day I was in London I was sitting in a bus in front of a man and his small son who were going to visit friends.

"When you get there," said Father, "don't forget to wipe your shoes, take off your hat, and DON'T ask for a second helping."

"If they say do you want more, say, 'No,' and if you're hungry when we get home, Mummy will try to find something for you to eat."

THE small boy nodded meekly, but sighed. He is just one of England's 20th century Oliver Twists, who now have learnt never to ask for more.

After being here for a few days the visitor soon gets into the same habit, because there is never enough for a second helping. The thing is to clean up every scrap of food on the plate.

Australians who come here now get a shock when they see rations for a family.

Until they actually see four ounces of margarine or cheese on a plate, what they have read about the British ration doesn't mean much to them.

Women are just "sick and tired of managing."

Housewives tell me that at the end of some weeks they just sit down and have "a good cry."

Girls are often too tired to go out to a dance or to have a late night if they have to be at work next morning.

In fact, everyone is tired.

People sleep in buses and trains between stops, particularly at night, and then clamber out to walk through half-lit streets.

They've just had the worst winter ever, and that, topped off with floods, was "a bit thick."

They feel there is a lull on them.

They sit so silently in trains, and it's only the children I've seen laughing in the streets.

Perhaps when spring comes life will be brighter for them.

Perhaps when the tiny hard buds on the bare trees break into blossom and the gold, white, and mauve crocuses bloom they'll feel gay.

But everyone here needs what any doctor will tell someone who has been sick: "Good rest, good food, and plenty of sunshine."

England at present reminds me of a small boy with his nose pressed against the window of the sweets shop.

Goods are lavishly displayed in windows, the people have money but no coupons.

I was surprised to see the shops stocked with sweets, chocolates, toffees, cakes, and buns.

But points must be given up for all food, and there are only 27 points per person per month. You don't waste them on nice little bits and pieces, but keep them for solid things like bread, condensed milk, marmalade (the latter with a good deal of turnip and mangelwurzel incorporated), or tinned meat.

Tinned meat takes 16 points, so most families can't afford too many tins to supplement their one and fourpence weekly meat ration.

Everything you eat leaves a queer sour taste in the mouth which is not even dissipated by an after-meal cigarette. This is probably due to the quality of the margarine.

I had a tin of biscuits marked "plain assorted" given to me before leaving Sydney, and I presented them to my hostess in London.

Next day we were in the kitchen talking to a friend who had dropped in, and we offered her a biscuit.

After she had eaten two very slowly she said hesitatingly: "Do you think I could take one home for my husband?"

I pressed her to have more, but she took only two, carefully wrapped in an envelope.

"He'll be so surprised," she said.

There are biscuits to buy, but they taste awful, and one pound takes 16 points.

Cakes can be bought with bread unit coupons, but more cakes mean



PARLIAMENT SQUARE, LONDON, blanketed in snow during the recent record cold weather.

less bread, and bread is more filling. Some cakes have "cream fillings" made from powdered milk and medicinal paraffin—believe it or not.

The taste is quite nice if you don't think about the paraffin.

Housewives used to substitute paraffin for dripping in cakes until the authorities woke up to the scheme and ordered all medicinal paraffin to be colored blood-red, a color not appetising in a cake.

My hostess, an Australian, bought a rabbit the other day. It was 15/-.

"But in Australia they are only 1/6," my friend told the butcher. "Ah, Madam," said he, "they're wild ones. This one was tame and will taste much better."

Tame or wild, it provided two meals for four people.

Food authorities reckon on most people having at least one meal a day out, and if this is not possible you don't really get enough to eat.

Food in London restaurants is plentiful. At cheap cafes, like the A.B.C., I had fried fish, green peas, a brown roll, pat of butter, and a large serving of ice-cream for two shillings.

At the other end of the scale at the Savoy I had a three-course dinner.

One course was a bread roll (the waiter gave me a second one as a favor, I think), and a pat of butter the size of two shillings. Whole roast pigeon, vegetables, and a meringue ice-cream formed the meal.



A HOUSEWIFE of Maidstone, Kent, where the River Medway rose to its highest level for 27 years, salvaging some of her children's clothes from one of the flooded rooms of her home.

This cost £2 for two of us.

At Lyon's Restaurant Trocadero I paid 6/8 for an excellent meal of chicken and ice-cream and a bigger serving of stewed plums and pears than you would see in an Australian restaurant. But, of course, that isn't the sort of price everyone could pay for lunch every day, myself included.

Some business houses, banks, and stores have canteens, and most factories do, too.

It's nice to know someone at the B.B.C. because their canteen is one of the best, with chicken usually on the menu.

Buying fuel is another terrible problem.

A pile of wood, less than half a ton, costs 5/- if you can get it.

A friend of mine was given a large packing-case by her grocer. It was a magnificent gift, but how to get it home was the difficulty.

She finally tied a piece of rope on to it and hauled it along in triumph to her Hampstead flat, ignoring remarks directed by passers-by.

London isn't exactly a place of great gaiety unless you've got plenty of money to spend.

Dinner and dancing at the Bristol for two ran up a bill of £25.

Admittedly, two bottles of French champagne, which cost £15, were included.

But there are other sources of amusement for the not-so-rich.

There is a boom in dancing, motor-bike speedway races, the dogs, theatres, concerts, and films.

But you have to wait in queues to get into any of them.

Dancing studios are packed with eager pupils and embryo teachers of dancing from all over the world.

They can take courses in Latin-American dances such as tangos, rumbas, and the samba. Less conservative studios even include live in the course.

All through England are popular dancing-halls called Meccas.

The one I visited is an old converted theatre, the Lyceum, in the Strand.

The only disadvantage is that dancing from where the front stalls were to the back stalls means dancing uphill, but when you've come in from the cold street it's good exercise.

Galleries are now filled with tables, where refreshments are served, and in the basement is a cafeteria. These Meccas are crowded on Sundays.

Ice hockey is attracting crowds. It was popularised by Americans and Canadians.

The noisiest gathering I've ever been at was the speedway races at Wembley. The audience yelled their heads off, and the sound almost rose above the roar of the motor-bikes—which is saying something for the British cheer.

Everyone is looking forward to the summer with remarkable optimism.

Butlin's holiday camps are booked out already.

The camps, taken over by the Government early in the war, were founded by William E. Butlin, amusement park king, and were immediately successful.

Now, apparently, British people are anxious to repeat pre-war holidays, including the mass merry-making for which the camps were noted.

I haven't been here long, but I have learned already to:

Eat every scrap of food; sit quietly in the train and read; not ask to have the window opened to let out SOME of the smoke; always to carry my national registration card; not complain when trains don't run to schedule (which is frequently); and carry umbrella and goloshes wherever I go.

But habits are funny things. I cling to at least one old Australian one. I never let the tap run and waste water!

I might be glad of this if I encounter the domestic water shortage here due to the floods—but so far I've been lucky in this respect.



## BRITANNIA NEEDS HELP

**B**ATTERED old Britannia is reeling to her feet again after another body blow.

In the past few months, weakened by the strain of the war years, inadequately fed and clothed, she has battled through the worst winter snows for 80 years and a blizzard that swept hundreds of homes, some of them already bomb-damaged, to the frozen ground.

Then came the thaw, bringing with it floods that have driven thousands from their homes, made vast areas of farming lands useless for crops for at least two years.

Anyone who has seen the dreary mess left behind when floodwaters recede knows the financial loss, the heartbreak and drudgery that it means for the individual householder.

Multiplied by thousands it makes a national calamity.

Britannia needs her traditional heart of oak now as she did in the war years.

*She needs, too, the practical help of the rest of the British Commonwealth — this time in food, clothing, and money, instead of men and arms.*

Britain had to realise on international investments worth £1500 millions to help finance her war commitments. In addition her war debt is £3500 millions.

Australia's gift of £25 millions towards costs of war incurred by Britain in the Pacific seems a huge sum for our small population, but it will make only a very little tinkle in the bottom of Britain's empty cash box.

However it may count as a gesture of sympathy, it still does not write off the individual debt every Australian can pay in personal parcels, in donations of clothing, food, or money to the various organisations formed to aid Britain.

*Our food and clothes ration is lavish compared with Britain's. A minor sacrifice by one Australian means a feast for several people in the British Isles.*



TIRED OF COMPLAINTS about our crowded transport systems, Sprod suggests some devices for quicker loading, using lorries to replace buses. He does not think discomfort would be appreciably increased.

## It seems to me ...

**T**HE Medical Journal of Australia, criticising the bad conditions in mental hospitals, says that "the needs of persons whose votes have not to be wooed are easily pushed to one side."

But we cannot, in matters like these, blame Governments entirely. We have to search our own consciences as citizens.

When the appalling atrocities of German concentration camps were revealed, it was commonly said that the ordinary German citizen was guilty in allowing such things to be done.

But I think that in all honesty we must admit that few of us, of whatever race, pay as much attention as we might to evils in our own countries.

I am not, of course, implying that our mental hospitals are comparable with Belzec.

But our lack of real interest in the conditions of asylums, in the inadequate provisions for tuberculosis, in gaoi systems which often only succeed in making criminals of minor offenders, is as culpable in its way as was the German blind eye to concentration camp atrocities.

For we, at least, have no reason to fear the consequences of protests against evils in the community.

**M**OST scientists now believe that white bread is just as good for you as wholemeal, according to an article I read the other day.

The longer you live the more accustomed you become to the shattering of some previously fixed belief — especially in matters of health.

I can remember when the "night air" was regarded with suspicion.

And I recall the terrible "Russian culture" period, when some kind of fungus thing was put in milk.

When the milk turned abominably sour it was given to the young to drink, in the belief that their health was thereby miraculously improved.

I don't remember what squashed this "Russian culture" craze. Perhaps the revolution. Anyway, it was a great relief.

Having now lived to learn that some canned food has just as many vitamins as fresh food; that cooked carrots are better than raw ones, and that spinach is not all it is cracked up to be, I wait hopefully for the day when it will be bruited abroad that the ideal diet is tea, ham sandwiches, and pickled gherkins, and that exercise is bad for you.

**C**ENSORSHIP is mooted in a new field — women's hats. In London, the Associated Millinery Designers have decided to appoint censors to ban from future shows hats which are too fantastic.

Now, before all the men in the audience cry "Hear, hear!" pause to think what this may mean.

The banned hat will immediately become more desirable, more sought after, than all its innocent companions.

When a woman secures one by devious means, she will lend it to her best girl-friends. It will thus be more talked of than any hat of the season.

The fact that it is not a remarkably smart hat will be passed over, and all the publicity will result in great fame for the author of the banned hat.

If you don't agree with me, just substitute "book" for "hat" in the previous three paragraphs. Isn't that what happens under literary censorship?



Dorothy Drain

**T**HERE are alarming aspects to President Truman's order to the dismissal of all U.S. Government employees of doubtful loyalty.

The order is directed at "Communists, Communist sympathisers, Fascists, and other disloyal employees."

Persons who give information against employees may have their names kept secret.

What a prospect it opens up! What a field for spiteful fanatics!

One of the most hateful things about Nazi Germany was the system of informers. Any person with a grudge could secretly denounce his neighbor. The American Civil Service will be a happy place to be out of, if this measure isn't administered with superhuman wisdom.

If a person, believing another to be a menace to the country, wishes to lay information against another, then the informer, surely, as a loyal citizen, should be brave enough to reveal his own name.

In that way the denounced citizen has some measure of protection. He may know the motives, be able to defend himself better. And, surely, in a democracy, he is entitled to defend himself!

I mentioned this view to someone, who said: "If the Communists gained power, wouldn't they crush opposition with all the means at their disposal? What about Russian purges?"

Possibly so. But that doesn't make it right. America is supposed to be a democracy.

**O**NE of life's great injustices lies in the tipping system.

When you or I go to an expensive hotel or a maximum-priced cafe, we're not game to omit the waiter's tip. But in the toasted sandwich and coffee haunts that we patronise every day, it never occurs to us to reward the overworked waitress.

Theoretically, the hotel waiter gets the tip for extra service. If you get the extra service from your waiter you're a better woman than I.

**T**HAT proposal to prop up the A.B.C.'s finances with advertising opened up some interesting possibilities.

If adopted (which, heaven forbid), the singing commercial would no doubt have its place.

Singing commercials are those little ditties which praise various wares.

Now, I did hear that the man who wrote the Pepsi-Cola song in the United States made a whole lot of money out of it. So, as the A.B.C. would provide a new field, I'm getting in on the ground floor.

I figure that the Commission would want something rather dignified.

My suggestion is that Parliamentary broadcasts could be sponsored by the various State railway departments.

The following would be sung to the tune of "Sweet and Low" by a male quartet, which, to save professional fees, could consist of Messrs. Chifley, Ewart, Ward, and Dedman.

*Though they're slow, though they're slow,*

*Trains are extremely so-a-afe,*

*Safe and slow, when they go,*

*They may not be fast, but they're safe.*

*Eddie will fix up the gauges soon,*

*Travellers will find that a very great boon,*

*No border delays to cha-afe*

*While the passengers,*

*When there's coal, of course,*

*Sleep.*

## Interesting People



MRS. FRANK SEMMONS

... chemistry and metal work  
VIVACIOUS, attractive Mrs.

Frank Semmons, who was Evelyn Sweet, Forbes, N.S.W., a visitor here from Toronto, Canada. During war worked at Toronto University on research in noxious gases, and later retention of vitamins in dehydrated foods for Forces. In recent months worked with Cancer Research Foundation at Connaught Medical Research Laboratory. Metal working is her unusual hobby. She makes charming costume jewellery.



ARCHBISHOP EVANGELINIDIS

... will promote friendship

PROMOTION of greater friend-

ship between Greece and Aus-

tralia is wish of Greek Orthodox

Archbishop Timotheus Evangelin-

dis, appointed Archbishop of Do-

decanese Islands, after 15 years as

head of Greek Church in Australia. Says:

"I am glad Governor of the Islands

will be Brigadier Tsiganes, leader of

famous "Death Battalion" Greeks

who fought with A.I.F. at Tobruk

and El Alamein." The Archbishop

is personal friend of Greek Royal

Family, entertained former Prince

Philip during Australian visit.



MISS MARGARET ANGAS

... career is aeronautics

FIRST woman in Australia to

study aeronautical engineering,

Margaret Angus, of Clare, S.A., is an

engineering student at Sydney Uni-

versity, and at present is doing six

months' practical work in Melbourne

with the C.S.I.R. When she has

her degree she hopes to do wind

tunnel research work. Inherits en-

gineering flair from her father, the

late Dudley Angus, well-known pas-

toralist, who did engineering at Cam-

bridge, made a hobby of inventing

mechanical devices.



# Country Women's Association holds jubilee

## Magnificent public service with world-wide scope

By staff reporter VICKI ANDERSON

Next week the Country Women's Association of New South Wales, parent body of a now Commonwealth-wide association, and affiliated member of the Associated Country Women of the World, will celebrate its Silver Jubilee.

From a humble beginning in 1922 with only a handful of enthusiasts, the C.W.A. of New South Wales has reached a total of 10,000 members in over 400 branches throughout the State. Total membership for Australia is 54,000.

OVER the past 25 years the practical achievements of this organisation in a wide field show just what women can accomplish when once they band together.

Facts and figures concerning its work over the past 25 years are an impressive idea of its range, including the establishment of 158 baby health centres, 139 rest-rooms, holiday homes, school hostels, hospitals, gifts of £4000 to Food for Britain, and £312,303 to charities and war objects.

What these facts and figures mean in a sum total of human happiness to thousands of women and children both in Australia and overseas can be fully realised by the following stories:

In Poland, Britain, and Hongkong three people are sitting down to write letters to the C.W.A.

The first is the father of a destitute Polish family, writing to thank Australia branch of the C.W.A. for a barrel of food sent through UNRRA.

The second is a British housewife, one of the 4000 who have received tin of fat from the C.W.A., expressing her gratitude for the fat and perhaps also for her share in the 1000 worth of food sent to England.

The third is a Portuguese nun, Sister Angelina, who is writing from her convent near Hongkong to thank the C.W.A. that the weary journey arrived safely and that they will mean a great deal to the abandoned Chinese girls in her charge.

A former diesel engineer who was an arm in the war is unable to return to his previous trade. Under the guidance of C.W.A. handicraft experts he discovers, like hundreds of servicemen before him, a remarkable aptitude for weaving. He has built up a lucrative business weaving beautifully designed scarves and selling them to city stores.

The C.W.A. head office one morning comes a letter post-marked "Darbyville" containing a £1 donation from a grateful father. He is eager to express his thanks for the help the C.W.A. gave, through the "Travelers' Aid Society, in finding him accommodation when his wife brought their practically blind 18-month-old baby to Sydney for medical attention.

In a small country town the school is to be closed by the Government because of a drop in attendance. Agitated, the parents of the remaining pupils ask the C.W.A. if it would put the case to the educational authorities and arrange the reconsideration of the closing of the school. The C.W.A. does, and is successful.

In torrid, dusty Pokataroo, a young mother, nervy and weak from heat and overwork, her two babies screaming with deep purple circles under their eyes, approaches the local C.W.A. branch.

She has heard of a holiday home conducted by the C.W.A. at the seaside. Could she and her children possibly be accommodated for a short spell?

Arrangements are made for a three weeks' holiday for the mother



OLDEST AND YOUNGEST guests at C.W.A. Keera House, Deewhy, Sydney, recently—78-year-old Mrs. A. Perry, of Bourke, N.S.W., and Lorraine Burns, of Peak Hill, N.S.W.

and her children at the C.W.A. Seaside Home, Keera, at Deewhy.

Perhaps only mothers can fully realise what the C.W.A.'s 158 baby health centres mean to country women.

The nurse for each of these centres has always been provided by the Government, but in 1944, when the C.W.A. had over 100 of the centres operating, the Government decided to subsidise the centres to the extent of 50 per cent of the building cost.

The subsidy, however, is restricted to the main building, does not cover the cost of erecting a necessary adjoining waiting and rest-room for mothers which is met by the C.W.A.

In these rest-rooms, either connected with or built next door to the health building, the C.W.A. leaves gas, primus, or electric stove equipment, crockery, tea, milk, and sugar. Anyone can wander in, use cups and saucers, bring her own sandwiches, and make a cup of tea.

Rest-rooms provided by the C.W.A. in all leading country towns and in many small centres are a meeting place for mothers. In fact in many places country folk are entirely dependent on the C.W.A. for their social life and public functions.



EXCITEMENT for Mrs. R. Belenger and her two children, Gordon and Robert, when a telegram arrives from her husband at Buladoran, telling of welcome heavy rains, during their holiday at Keera House.



HANDICRAFT teaching by the C.W.A. has not only provided hobbies for country women, but has also helped in rehabilitating war neurosis cases.

pendent on the C.W.A. for their social life and public functions. It might be a dance held in the C.W.A. hall once a month. The women members organise it, the menfolk drive the women and children in, chase up the firewood for the log fires and supper, help with the music and lighting.

In small and large towns the men help with the organising of functions to raise funds; come to Mum's rescue with bookkeeping advice when she suddenly finds herself treasurer of the local C.W.A. branch, drive her to and from her meetings, and generally prove a pretty solid bulwark.

Value of the menfolk behind C.W.A. activities cannot be overestimated.

Small C.W.A. branches are of particular value to the woman outback, who is often shy and inarticulate. The activities of the branch encourage her to think and to express herself, to learn dress-making and handicrafts.

Educational welfare of country children comes in for a good deal of C.W.A. attention.

Many a parent has cause to be deeply grateful to the Association

in its fight to keep one-teacher schools open, in its establishment of school hostels to accommodate secondary schoolchildren whose homes are too far distant for daily travel to school, in its general principle of trying to make educational facilities enjoyed by metropolitan children available to every child outback.

Government's argument that where there are no country schools correspondence will supply educational needs has many flaws according to the tireless educational workers of the C.W.A. In some cases the parents can help with education to primary standard, but can't go beyond it. In many cases, too, the parents are illiterate and cannot teach the children.

School hostels established by the C.W.A. at Narrandera, Mudgee, Tumut, Inverell, and Dubbo are fulfilling an urgent need in catering for children who have to come long distances to school.

### Steamer Days

THE 1946 C.W.A. Annual Report gives a fascinating picture of how funds are raised, including "Steamer Days" organised by the 25 members of the recently formed Lord Howe Island Branch, who run a refreshment booth when the Morinda arrives from Sydney every six weeks.

Other methods of fund-raising range from bridge parties held by a metropolitan group, resulting in £125 profit, to a guessing competition run by a branch with 15 members and resulting in 17/-, Talent quests, street stalls, teas at meetings, a "mile of pennies" all add their shillings to make the thousands of pounds the Association needs.

Hostels' fee is only 25/- a week. If parents can't afford this, the local C.W.A. branch investigates and assists the child whenever possible.

In its plea for a "new deal for the country schoolchild," the C.W.A. is pressing the Government for better schools, classrooms, school libraries, cheaper train and bus fares, subsidies for upkeep of bikes similar to those now available to children riding a horse to school.

Welfare of country children who are State wards is also gravely concerning the C.W.A. In view of the high cost of living, members are urging the Government to increase the present payment of 10/- to State ward guardians to £1 or at least 15/- a head a week.

Through first-hand experience members claim that many of these children are not being properly fed or clothed, partly due to the inadequacy of the 10/- payment, and, in many cases, to the lack of care in the selection of suitable guardians.

Causes that have received help from the C.W.A. include the Bush Nursing Association, the Flying Doctor Service, Travellers' Aid Society, Far West Children's Health Scheme, Food for Britain, and the UNRRA Clothing Appeal.

The work of the Handicrafts Committee of the C.W.A., originally begun before the war with a view to teaching hobbies to country members, has developed into a splendid humanitarian project.

Continued on page 13





# Only one woman in a thousand can buy THIS radio



The receiver we're talking about is one which we built from sheer vanity — the Mullard "98". We let our pride overcome our commercial sense. We 'let our heads go' with our engineers. We said, in effect —

"Go ahead and build the finest table-model radio in Australia. It may also be the most expensive, but that doesn't matter."

Mullard designers and technicians took the order literally.

They evolved and built a six-valve all-wave receiver (housed, incidentally, in a sumptuous cabinet of pre-war veneers) which staggered radio experts and musical critics alike . . . a receiver with just everything that spells luxury of 'listening'.

*The cost caused our accountants to take to their beds . . . but the Mullard "98" is not for people who have to worry over money. It is for people who like costly things provided their cheque buys blue-blooded and pedigreed quality.*

By dint of hard scheming we whittled the retail price down to 56 gns. and that, in itself, was no mean achievement. 56 gns. is a lot of money. It's Australia's top price for a table radio.

We suggest, however, that you slip into your sabres and rolls-royce it to the nearest Mullard distributor before you decide that it is too much. The odds most positively are that you *won't* think so.

## One in Five can buy this one

Having been told by people who understand such things that we could never survive if we catered only for tycoons, and having successfully contended that not every home in Australia sought bargain-price radio, we built the model "99A"

— a receiver only slightly less aristocratic than the breath-taking "98".

"99A" is a radio which will cause your friends to raise their mental eyebrows and wonder how you can afford a set so much better than their own.



## One out of every two can afford this radio



We're now talking about Mullard "651".

Model 651 was evolved on the plainly sordid motive that even more families can afford to pay £27/15/0 than can easily pay £39/10/0. And, although too many people at Mullard may be obsessed with the idea that it is better to cater for the fastidious few than for multitudinous masses, common sense prevailed.

*As a result, the Mullard "651" (shortly to be released) will be eagerly sought by knowledgeable people who, despite their tax assessments, can still afford a radio which is a little beyond the reach of those who must count their pennies.*

## 999 in 1000 can buy this one

This one is the Mullard compact "600" whose baptismal name is the "Meteor" and who is thoroughly used to being greeted with cries of "What a darling little radio!"



Mullard "600" is entirely free from class-consciousness. Model "600" dwells with equal dignity in mansion or the "semi-detached". It's a graceful, intriguing broadcast receiver standing only 6" high in its lustrous plastic cabinet. But if you have a mania for volume the "Meteor" can nearly raise the roof. The price is £16/2/6.

Plutocrats buy Mullard "Meteor" for use in the east wing while intellectuals listen politely to Bach in the west. Non-plutocrats buy it for the equally sensible reason that with friendly intimacy in bedroom, den or kitchen the Mullard "Meteor" brings in every worthwhile programme in the State, and brings it in with veracity and vigour.

## Technicalities in brief

**Model 98.** 6 Valves — round-the-world coverage — magic eye tuning — provision for radio gramophone pick-up and extension loud speaker — on-off power switch — size 24" x 15" x 13" **Model 99A.** 6 Valves — short wave and broadcast stations — beam of light tuning — 8 inch console speaker — figured walnut plastic cabinet — size 31" x 14" x 21" **Model 651.** 4 Valves — overseas and local reception — on-off power-switch — inbuilt aerial — provision for extension speaker — cabinet in figured walnut plastic — size 16½" x 9½" x 21" **Model 600.** 4 Valves — broadcast stations — inbuilt aerial — edge-lit dial — compact plastic cabinet in walnut, ebony, mahogany or ivory — size 6" x 6" x 6"

MULLARD has been a distinguished but non-flamboyant name in British radio ever since the days of morse code wireless and crystal-set listening. MULLARD builds only the type of set which embodies worthwhile modern developments . . . the type of set of which it can honestly be said "You cannot buy better". The same applies to Mullard valves — England's first favourite for over 25 years. MULLARD does not sell on a basis of 'gadgets' or pseudo-scientific mumbo-jumbo. The basis of MULLARD policy is the simple word — **QUALITY.**



**MEET THE MULLARD GIRL.** She'll soon be appearing in the display window of every Mullard dealer. If, by the way, you can't find your Mullard dealer easily, please drop us a line. We'll be glad to let you know where he is located. Mullard has long-established, reputable distributors in all States and carefully selected retailers throughout the Commonwealth.

**Mullard**

MULLARD — AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD., 35-43 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY



# Poor little rich girl finds another romance

## Fourth husband for Woolworth heiress

by BILL STRUTTON of our London office.

Still searching for the big romance that her fabulous millions have not so far been able to buy, beautiful Barbara Hutton, heiress of the Woolworth fortune, has married for the fourth time.

Her new husband, Prince Igor Troubetzkoi, 34, is old, tanned, very blue-eyed, a year younger than his wife, is descended from the former reigning kings of Lithuania.

In a bare, untidy little registry office tucked away in the fashionable Swiss winter resort of St. Moritz they exchanged vows early last month.

There could be no greater contrast between this and the lavish wedding that followed the earlier marriage of America's famous heiress.

The ceremony took only ten minutes and was followed by a wedding breakfast of coffee and cakes in the village shop.

At her first marriage to Prince Dmitri Milvni, in 1932, she gave a magnificent party at her favorite hotel, the Ritz, where several guests were knocked out to convert the glittering ballroom into a dance floor.

At her second marriage, to Count Hans-Georg Reventlow, she flew from London, and princesses were laid on to take the bride back to her homes all over Europe.

At her third marriage, to Prince Denis Conan Doyle, she was escorted by a convoy of luxury cars to the State reception.

Among her legendary extravaganzas, which ran from a £27,000 car to gold tape in her bathroom, she has always shown a special interest in things Moorish. From the fierce spotlight turned on her at St. Moritz as soon as news of her latest romance

leaked out, and from the scores of pressmen who wait for them at every turning, the new Princess Troubetzkoi and her husband will probably seek refuge in her white Moorish castle in sun-washed Tangier. It is in the centre of the Casbah, the native district, and overlooks the Straits of Gibraltar.

They met there for the first time some months ago, and journeyed to Switzerland, via Paris, where Barbara figured in another sensation when the Ritz Hotel asked her not to wear shorts in the presence of the King of Cambodia.

Till this marriage Igor Troubetzkoi was still a bachelor. He is a great skier, and a calm, likeable personality.

In fact, he is the only calm member of Barbara's excitable entourage, which includes a chambermaid, a lady companion, a couple of Russian painters, a whole household of American friends, and the Conan Doyle, who are related to her by a previous marriage.

In the old days this entourage would have been called the Princess Troubetzkoi's court. Her noble husband is the only one in her series of spectacular marriages who would have figured in the Gotha Almanack, till its demise the most exclusive Who's Who in the world.

In this retinue of Barbara Hutton's servants, friends, protectors, Denis Conan Doyle plays a part resembling the famous Sherlock Holmes created by his father, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

He has assumed the role of body-



INFORMAL PICTURES of Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth millions, one of the world's richest women, and her fourth husband, Prince Igor Troubetzkoi. Their marriage ceremony at a registry office in Switzerland last month took only ten minutes.

guard, scouts ahead of her in St. Moritz for signs of news-hungry pressmen, protects the wealthy damsel from the distress of publicity, the advances of the curious, the ambitious, and the criminal who make up the very mixed society of Switzerland's most brilliant playground.

He and his family are a constant reminder of Barbara's first marriage to the dashing Caucasian Prince Dmitri Milvni, for Denis married his sister, Princess Dmitri.

These people form a protective screen around Barbara as she sits down to eat at a table reserved near

the door of St. Moritz's swanky Palace de Montagne Hotel.

To this inner circle has recently been added a famous Geneva solicitor who helped the couple clear up formalities for a marriage licence and fix the ceremony for St. Moritz within a month.

Though she has made world headlines for 15 years, there is an air of haunted timidity about her in public that Barbara never knew as a schoolgirl. But at 35 years old her skin still glows with a healthy, youthful lustre, her smile is brilliant, and she laughs with a clear, girlish peal.

Always on the qui vive, Barbara snatches a mouthful of food here, a cigarette puff there, an uncertain glance towards the door, as if she expects it to burst open any minute and admit a flock of inquisitive American reporters.

Sometimes she follows with a wistful look a young girl who passes, free to act as she likes and so where she pleases.

Despite her money and a clear, fair beauty which is still the envy of society women wherever she goes, there is nothing authoritative or arrogant about her. Critics have called "Babs" a neurotic, a madcap, show-off, glady, but rarely haughty.

The madcap of those many thirties has almost vanished now. In its place is a more thoughtful woman suffering from Press persecution created by her own youthful flamboyance.

Shortly before her latest engagement Barbara denied any intention of ever marrying again. "One can't go on being a fool forever," she said. "You can quote that."

Her first three divorces were obtained on the grounds that Prince Dmitri was "cruel," that Count Reventlow threatened violence and promised to kidnap their child, Lance, now 11, and that Hollywood film star Cary Grant, whom she divorced in 1945, "didn't like her friends."

Igor, her latest love, appears much less temperamental, strides past newsmen as though they didn't exist, while Barbara bolts like a frightened deer. Like most exiled Russian aristocrats, he claims French nationality. His emigre parents live on the Riviera.

He combines all the virtues of Barbara's previous husbands — the glamor of a film actor with the highest title of all, so far, for her — without any of their shortcomings. The bans for his marriage to Woolworth's granddaughter were published on a notice-board outside the city hall in the 16th district of Paris, where he was born.

The naive girl who used to write romantic verses about the beauty of love, and had a passion for moonlight gondola rides through the canals of prewar Venice, seems almost to have vanished.

But time alone will tell whether, with the burden of 50,000,000 dollars (£15,000,000) which America's poor little rich girl carries with her through the world's playgrounds, she can find the romance she has always sought.

## C.W.A.'s good work

Continued from page 11

WAR neurosis cases, limbless servicemen, people suddenly and tragically blinded, crippled can daily be found in the handicraft city head-quarters, learning the art of spinning and weaving in a constant effort to readjust themselves to their new life.

For some of them the handicraft was eventuate in a good trade at which they can earn a living, for the hours spent in quiet concentration at the loom serve as a valuable rehabilitation factor.

The handicrafts committee, which extended its work throughout the State so that many C.W.A. members now have teaching centres of their own, supplies looms and additional handicraft data to various parts of the Pacific.

Recently it sent looms to missions in Singapore, Samarai, Malaya, and at the request of sisters and friends who had returned to their homes after having been pupils of the handicraft rooms during the war.

As to all these C.W.A. activities the Hospital Visiting Committee, members of which visited 17,065 homes during 1946 in Sydney hospital, their Emergency Housekeeper, some now operating in certain country areas to provide assistance during domestic illnesses, difficulties, their financial contributions to the International Association of Country Women of the World, their Coronation Cookery Book, for requests come from overseas.

and you still haven't detailed the many varied facets of C.W.A. work.

In pressing for major reforms in education, health, and social services for country women, the C.W.A. still finds time to concentrate on minor reforms, as many an industrial and governmental authority has discovered.

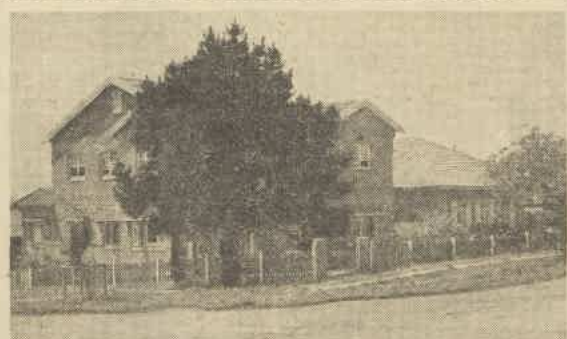
For instance, while most city women are complaining of the shortage of silk stockings, most country women are campaigning for more woollen stockings.

The C.W.A. recently took up the cudgels of the country women in the woollen stocking shortage. Not discouraged by one stocking manufacturer's suggestion that the country women solve the shortage by wearing two pairs of silk stockings, C.W.A. investigators got to the bottom of the matter and received promises that as soon as labor and wool-spinning machines were available the shortage would be remedied.

More recently the C.W.A. got busy on the lack of lamp mantles and lamp chimneys for country homes.

They tracked down the manufacturer of the chimneys, who in a defensive letter pointed out that the shortage was due to labor problems, that 21,000 chimneys were on order now, that every one of these had to be blown by mouth, that three expert blowers were on the job and that everything was being dropped in order to concentrate on the chimney department.

They added somewhat frantically at the end, perhaps in case the relentless C.W.A. took the matter



KEERA HOUSE, Country Women's Association home at Deewhy, Sydney, where women and children from the outback get respite from blistering heat and choking dust. A new Keera House, costing £66,000, is planned at Harbord, near Deewhy.

further: "There already has been a departmental inquiry into the shortage."

One of the proudest achievements of the C.W.A. is its establishment of holiday homes at beaches and in the mountains, where families can enjoy a three weeks' vacation at very small cost.

Most important of these homes is Keera House at Deewhy, where 848 outback families spent holidays during the past year. A £66,000 new Keera House is now being planned by the C.W.A. at Harbord.

The raising of funds for it will be the first public appeal launched by the C.W.A. in its 35 years' history.

Up to now, thanks to the well-knit fellowship and organization of

members, their faith in the principles for which the C.W.A. stands, the association has carried on its prodigious programme with little or no outside help.

As a compliment to the New South Wales body, a conference of the Country Women's Association of Australia will be held in Sydney on June 16 and 17.

Later, in September, five delegates from Australia will attend the conference of the Associated Country Women of the World in Amsterdam.

There are in all 108 Country Women's Associations in 30 different countries. Once a year an International Day is held throughout the world, for which monetary collections are made and special countries chosen for study and lectures.





When you are feeling "off-colour" and find work almost impossible to do — you will get quick, blessed relief with just two Anacin tablets. Anacin stops that pain — and stops it fast!

## When you're "off colour" ANACIN brings quick blessed relief . .

Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients — that's one more than any other anti-pain remedy. And, it's the action of this extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

Because they work so fast, two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So — Anacin is cheaper in the long run, as well as being more effective.

### Change now to Anacin!

If you have been using the same remedy for the relief of pain over a long period of time, then for faster relief doctors advise a change. Change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.

# ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.



Two bring fast relief

### DO YOU KNOW?

**FROZEN MOLARS!**

A NEW SWISS INVENTION "WAROPA" GIVES COMPLETELY PAINLESS DENTISTRY WITHOUT DRUG INJECTIONS OR GAS — IT IS A DRILL OPERATED ON A FREEZING PRINCIPLE.

**BIT STONE TO STRENGTHEN TEETH!**

TO STRENGTHEN THEIR TEETH RUSSIAN FOLK BIT THE PORTAL OF A CHURCH THREE TIMES AND CHANTED, "AS THIS STONE IS FIRM SO ALSO MAY MY TEETH BECOME HARD AS STONE."

### STRANGE RECIPE FOR TOOTHACHE!

THE ANCIENT ROMAN CIRRILLIUS PRESCRIBED PINE LEAVES AND GARLIC BOILED IN VINEGAR AS A RELIEF FOR TOOTHACHE! LUCKILY WE MODERNS HAVE SKILLED DENTISTS AND ACTIVE KOLYNOS TO GIVE PROPER DENTAL CARE. KOLYNOS PENETRATING FOAM SWIRLS AWAY HIDDEN FOOD DEPOSITS THAT CAUSE DECAY — CLEANS TEETH THOROUGHLY.

**TEETH LENGTHEN LIFE!**

ITALIANS BELIEVED LATE TEETHING MEANT A LONG LIFE. LENGTHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR TEETH — USE KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH SPARKLINGLY CLEAN — YOUR WHOLE MOUTH FRAGRANTLY FRESH!

**"THINK O' THE MONEY YE SAVE!"**

WHEN YOU USE HALF AN INCH OF KOLYNOS ON A DRY BRUSH YOU GET 280 BRUSHINGS FROM A 2 1/2" TUBE — KOLYNOS IS A REAL MONEY SAVER.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**



# Read the STARS' MIMI MARSDEN

ANS, Leonians, and Sagittarians are favored and should seek promotions, gains, and changes.

and Scorpians also benefit but Cancerians, Librans, Capricornians should live and avoid quarrels, upsets, and.

## The Daily Diary

is my astrological review for the week:-

March 21 to April 21: am ahead, but avoid rash- April 9 (except sunset) excel- (except 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.) in helpful.

April 21 to May 21: reeds come soon. Mean- April 8 and 9 (early) difficult, and 14 (morning) quite Rest of week poor.

May 21 to June 21: after midday), 10, and 11 can minor annoyances and let 14 and 15 (mornings only) help.

June 21 to July 21: dictates caution just now, and quarrels and strain, especial April 9 (sunset), 10 (after- 11 to 2 p.m.), and following

July 21 to August 24: Make and seek progress now, for



and say it was a lot prettier inside."

side you, April 9, 10 (except 1 to 5 p.m.), and 11 all very (late) and 15 poor.

August 24 to Sept. 23: particular days now, though (late), 9 (to noon), 12, 13, (to noon) all quite helpful.

Sept. 23 to Oct. 24: Pit- aimed now, so avoid changes, and loss on April 9, 10 (noon), and 11 (early) to 15 (noon).

Keep to routine tasks.

Oct. 24 to Nov. 23: spirit matters finalised on this week, especially April (midday), 9 (to midday), and 14 (am). Rest of week poor.

Nov. 23 to Dec. avoid rashness this week, as decisions, and changes bring trouble. April 9, 10 (1 p.m. to 5 p.m.), 11, and 14 all very fair.

Dec. 22 to Jan. 20: is ahead for the unwary, on April 9, 10 (afternoon), 11 to 15 (late). Avoid all change: routine.

Jan. 20 to Feb. 19: Routine (late) early in week, but April 9 (1 p.m. to 5 p.m.), 14, and 15 all

Feb. 19 to March 21: Prob- ably this week, on keep to ordinary life. However, April 8 (evening), (midday), 14 (early), and 15 all

Australian Women's Weekly presents astrological diary as a matter of fact, without accepting responsibility for statements contained in it. June 1947 regrets that she is unable to be any better.—Editor, A.W.W.)

**Your Coupons**

PAID: 5-28

COUPON: 28 and 29 (cumulative), 10-15.

Next week: 20-23 (19 to 25 current), 10-15; green, 23 and 25 (23 to current April 15).

TERMINING: 237-112 (expires June 1947), 1-06 current.

Australian Women's Weekly -- April 12, 1947

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are staying at Glass Inn, on top of Glass Mountain. **GRATZ:** The sinister proprietor of this inn, says that they must spend the night there, as **MARSHA DALE:** And her guide are out on a walking trip. Originally Mandrake set out to rescue this beautiful girl who vanished when

climbing the mountain. A bear is supposed to haunt the slopes, and Mandrake himself was attacked by it. As he sleeps, a steel-pointed bed canopy lowers and nearly crushes him to death. Rescued by Lothar, he leaves the inn. They hear Gratz order his servant to release a bear because someone is coming. **NOW READ ON:**



...THE CLIMBER IS CARRIED UP THE ICY SLOPES AND LEFT AT THE DOOR OF GLASS INN, AT THE MOUNTAIN'S SUMMIT.



**GRATZ, PROPRIETOR OF GLASS INN, INSPECTS HIS LATEST "GUEST."**

STILL UNCONSCIOUS. Hmm -- NOT MUCH MONEY, BUT A NICE WATCH AND A PISTOL I CAN USE. NOW -- TO INSPECT MANDRAKE.



**GRATZ RAISES THE HEAVY CANOPY OF THE MURDER-BED --**



MANDRAKE'S NOT HERE! THE BED'S EMPTY! BRUK! BRUK!



BRUK--BRUK--UH!

US WANT TALK WITH YOU, MISTER GRATZ!



WE'VE SEEN THE FAMOUS GHOST BEAR IN ACTION, GRATZ, AND YOUR MURDER-BED. BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MARSHA DALE?

SINCE YOU KNOW SO MUCH, ANSWER THAT ONE YOURSELF.



MEANWHILE, BRUK, GRATZ'S ASSISTANT, HURRIES MARSHA TO THE GREAT TUBE THAT LEADS OUT A HUNDRED FEET UNDER THE SNOW!

To be continued



# BREAKFAST on the TRACK by VIVIAN



P.S.—If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.

## Are you ageing faster than your husband?



### RELIEVE IRREGULARITY

— without harsh laxatives

Gentle-acting  
Kellogg's All-Bran brings  
quick, safe relief

Dosing yourself up day after day with harsh laxatives only gives you temporary relief. These unnatural methods get their results by "forcing" delicate internal muscles into action. They can never completely cure constipation—in fact, they can be very harmful in the long run. Just that small dose every day can leave you feeling years older than you are... and looking older, too.

**YOU NEED "BULK"** — The safe, gentle and natural way to relieve

constipation is with Kellogg's All-Bran. Kellogg's All-Bran puts essential "bulk" back into your system. It aids elimination because it forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

**SERVE DAILY**—Just eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Serve it just like any other breakfast food with milk and sugar.

Not a purgative  
—but a gentle-acting  
regulative  
food!

Lift your mask of **IRREGULARITY**

Ask for

**Kellogg's ALL-BRAN**★

\* Registered Trade Mark





# The Major Minds the Minor

Continued from page 3

JOAN said, "I've met Mrs. Lewis at the Red Cross." With an air of bewilderment she sank on the couch, gesturing faintly at the large easy chair at one end of the fireplace.

"I'm afraid it's out of the question," she said. "You see, I—well, I'm thinking of a woman—or a relative."

"Here, Mrs. Kendall," he said. "I'm very much in earnest about this. Won't you please call up Mrs. Davis right now, while I'm here, and ask him about my character?"

He looked at her undecidedly. "I still don't like it—but if you insist—"

She was at the telephone in the little hall. Major Fives leaned over and surveyed the "nice living-room" with great approval.

"The humming hand had been coming with excellent taste. In the room was a radio-phonograph, and a small cabinet of records."

He began to feel that he had cheerfully watch a whole regiment of babies for the privilege of sitting in this living-room.

Mrs. Kendall concluded her conversation and returned, looking at him with a clean bill of health.

"Lewis asked, hauling his body courteously to his feet. "Yes. He was very flattering. A matter of fact."

"Then you'll take me?" Lewis asked eagerly, sensing the change in her attitude after talking with her sister.

"Well, I suppose we might try it. I'm really not very much to do. A very good baby."

My sister Helen says all healthy babies are good," Lewis said, anxious to show his familiarity with the subject.

Mr. Futo's very healthy. He came from about six-thirty at night and he's in the morning."

"Phant" he murmured. "William Amory—commonly known as Futo," she explained.

"Well, that's settled," he said with satisfaction. "When do I start?"

"Suppose we start to-morrow morning. Would you like to see the baby before you go?"

Joan Amory Kendall was busily engaged with the sandman and paid no attention to his spectators.

"The little fellow, isn't he?" commented Lewis.

"Normally," she informed him. "I can't wait for to-morrow morning," he announced when they returned downstairs and he was arranging himself into his coat. "By the way, will the phonograph disturb the baby?"

"No, but it doesn't work very well, I'm afraid."

"To fairly hands with things like that," Lewis told her reassuringly. "I'll get it into shape so you can use it when your husband comes home."

"A certain old across her face," Joan Kendall—my husband—is dead," she said simply.

"I beg your pardon," Lewis said, fully conscious of shocked pity for the girl holding the door for him. "I didn't realize."

"That's quite all right," she said calmly. "You couldn't possibly know. I'm more or less accustomed to it after a year. I'll expect you to-morrow night, then. Good-night."

At seven o'clock the next evening Lewis presented himself, brushed and beaming, at 34 Pine Road, and asked himself for a luxurious walk while Mrs. Kendall went to the cinema with a friend.

Hovering in the doorway before he left, she suggested that he might like a cup of coffee or a bite of cake.

He had meant to make this addition similar to the main house, but Joan suggested the use of glass brick at one end. It was Joan, also, who thought of fitting built-in storage cabinets on one wall, to be hidden by panelling. He had planned to finish the space above this room later, but spurred by her interest, he found himself turning it into an extra bedroom.

Please turn to page 19

# WORTH Reporting

**USUALLY** baby-minders trek out to the homes of charges in far-flung suburbs, but an enterprising young couple in Sydney have taken up baby-minding without budging from their flat.

After letting fellow flat-inmates (who include 10 young mothers, three with twins) know that they will be "at home" each evening, the couple sit and wait for the babies to be brought to them.

Business is booming. Peeping in the open door as we passed the flat the other night, we saw them spending a pleasant evening sewing and reading, while ranged round the room were twins in a pram, one babe in a basket on the dressing-table, another on the centre table, and a bouncing baby boy in his bassinet in the corner.

When friends drop in for a game of cards or a social call they are warned: "Do be careful where you're sitting, dear! Wait, I'll just move the basket."

## Sleeping beauty

MADAME SAINTE AMARANTHE is breathing again with her usual placid rhythm.

Her lungs ceased to function some weeks ago when Britain's Fuel Minister cut off her electricity, but recently the supply was restored.

Madame is the "sleeping beauty" who has snoozed for 100 years or more at Madame Tussaud's wax-works in London. Since 1884 she has breathed realistically, first by a clockwork system, then by electric "lungs" substituted in 1928.

The real Madame Sainte Amaranthe was the most beautiful woman at the Court of King Louis XVI. She was guillotined during the French Revolution.

**LATEST** contribution to streamlined living in the United States is a noiseless typewriter with luminous keyboard. One benefit suggested by its promoters is that it will lead to greater marital harmony in homes of writers who get flashes of inspiration just as the partner is ready to turn out the light and go to sleep.

## Horse laugh

ONE of our girls spent some time among horses in order to produce the story and pictures that appear on pages 22 and 23 of this issue.

A conscientious worker, she always throws herself heart and soul into any job. Fortunately, she has a sympathetic husband, who is quite happy to listen to conversation about the day's work—in this case, horses—at mealtimes.

But he was shocked the other night when there was a wild scream from his wife's bed.

"What's the matter?" he cried, switching on the light.

"It's all right now, dear," she sighed. "There was a horse in the armchair."

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"And WHAT'S the matter with the way we pitch a tent?"

## Animal Antics



"So long, Sadie... that's my wife!"

## Buddhist relics

WHEN the Orison reached Colombo last month on its voyage to Australia, the landing-stage was closed for two hours to permit the landing of the sacred Sanchi relics, which were brought from England in the ship.

The relics are two small caskets of ancient bones, believed to be the remains of the two chief disciples of Buddha, Sariputta and Moggalana.

They were taken away from Sanchi (India) in 1850, and presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. In 1938, Buddhists of India, Burma, and Europe made representations to have the relics restored, and in 1939 the request was granted.

War intervened, and, as they were too sacred to be entrusted to a ship's officer, they remained in England until a well-known Buddhist, Daya Hewavitarne, could collect them.

After being exhibited at Colombo Museum they will be enshrined at Sanchi.

## Woman in the mask

ONE of our girl-friends who lives in a boarding-house recently sought to improve her chance of graduating to a home of her own by giving herself a facial.

As running water is not one of the amenities in bedrooms of this particular boarding-house, she mixed the ingredients in the communal bathroom, and retired to her bedroom to apply the facial.

She had never tried this beauty treatment before, so followed the directions step by step, not reading ahead in case she became confused.

As the pack began to set like concrete on her face she hastily read the next direction.

"The mask should be allowed to remain on for ten minutes," it stated. "Remove with water. On no account leave longer, as it may cause some discomfort."

Dashing off for the tap, she found the bathroom door locked.

By this time she was unable even to open her mouth to describe her plight, so frantically beat a tattoo on the door.

When at last a retired army officer, who had been showering, emerged, the face-packer's victim could only convey her thanks by a series of wild gestures.

Her next facial, she has decided, can wait till she has her own bathroom.

## Girls' success

TWO English girls, Anna Scoccombe and Claire Govan, formerly with E.N.S.A. (Entertainments National Service Association), started an enterprise in England and achieved success in eight weeks.

Longing for a holiday abroad, they talked to friends, and found that hundreds of people wanted a short continental trip.

So they opened a travel agency. Their specialties, they announced, were arranging week-end and ten-day unaccompanied trips to Paris.

They did so well that recently they flew to Antwerp to open a branch there.

They have only one complaint—they can't get the time for a holiday themselves.

## Films in cathedral

RELIGIOUS films were screened recently in St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide.

A congregation of more than 600 saw "The Blind Beggar of Jerusalem," a screen version of the Hallelujah Chorus, sung by the Choir of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and the words for hymns appeared on the screen for the congregation to follow.

The films have been shown in N.S.W., Victoria, and Western Australia, but this was the first time they had been shown in a cathedral.

They are worth approximately £8000 each and were taken to Adelaide by the Rev. Hamilton Alkin, managing director of the Australian Religious Film Society.

Eight denominations are associated with the Society, which has world-wide affiliations and imports pictures from England and the U.S.A.

Successful Australian ventures in this type of film-making include "The Story of Rebecca," which has been sold to overseas distributors.

Nearing completion now is "Augustine and Canterbury," for which the scenic shots were taken by Mr. Alkin in Jerusalem.

Later scenes were filmed in Canterbury Cathedral, following Mr. Alkin's conference with the Archbishop and Dean of Canterbury and J. Arthur Rank, the film magnate. This will be screened in May.

Well-known English and Hollywood actors take part anonymously in the productions.

Mr. Alkin believes that non-churchgoers will be attracted, as he puts it, "from the pavement to the pew" by motion pictures.

This belief is confirmed by the recent packed attendance of 1800 at the Melbourne Independent Church.

## Tolerant

FROM the "Straits Budget" we learn that a vegetarian society has been formed in Malaya.

So far it has 25 members, headed by Mr. Fred Harvey, 40 years a vegetarian.

Secretary is Mrs. R. von Krusensterna, a Swedish woman who works in a Singapore hat shop.

She has always been a vegetarian, used to run a charitable animal hospital in Madras. When she came to Singapore she found there was no need for a hospital, because most of the animals she saw were awaiting the cooking-pot.

So she decided the best way to befriend animals was to stop people eating them.

The organisers are tolerant, for membership is of two kinds. Full members are those who are vegetarians.

But people who would like to be vegetarians, but can't resist meat, may be associate members.

## Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 5000 to 10,000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for loss. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400, G.P.O., Sydney.



# Depression! Aches! Pains!



*throw them off  
**QUICKER**  
than ever before!*



**DEFEAT FATIGUE! BANISH HEADACHE! END HOUSEWORK STRAIN!**

WITH **'ZANS'**

— the sensational new  
**APC TABLETS**

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**£1000 CHALLENGE!**

The modern woman lives in trying times. She carries on the home against an increasing burden of difficulties and problems; in her harried state of mind the more strenuous tasks seem too big to tackle and tenacity carries her through. Then, as strain tells, headaches, pains, nerviness and fatigue take their toll. The modern woman deserves praise—but she also needs **HELP**. 'ZANS' APC gives it to her!

A friend in need to every woman is 'ZANS'—the sensational new APC. Women all over Australia are acclaiming it!

'ZANS' APC stops pain and lifts depression too—helps you throw off the spells of despondency that nearly every woman experiences when pain comes or when she feels "worn to a frazzle."

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You can take 'ZANS' APC as a tablet, the modern, more convenient way—you can take it finely crushed—or as an APC mixture (2 tablets mixed with a tablespoonful of water makes a liquid APC identical in therapeutic strength with that specified in public hospitals).

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## *Quicker Relief from—*

- HEADACHE
- PERIODIC PAINS
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- NERVINESS
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- SLEEPLESSNESS
- NEURITIS
- COLDS & FLU
- After Effects of CONVIVIALITY

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3.2/47



## Saving plan for annual holiday trip

In their first year of house-keeping, a young married couple found that living costs were heavier than expected. Being wise, however, they kept expenses down and lived within their means. Before marriage they had both been accustomed to taking annual holidays without much consideration for expense, believing in "doing things properly" during their vacation.

It distressed them to think that savings should now curtail holidays, which could now be taken together, and this led to full discussion of the problem. A bright suggestion was made by the husband that he would postpone smoking, and thus save for his a year—being cost of one packet of cigarettes a day.

The wife in her turn expressed willingness to dispense with pictures for a week, which were costing 6/- the two of them, thus saving a further £15 a year.

Each week an amount of 12/- was automatically deposited in the holiday box, and at the end of 12 months they were able to arrange for a luxurious fortnight's holiday with the £50 that had accumulated.

Incidentally, they both realised, long before the 12 months had expired, that former habits of smoking and picture theatres had both lost their appeal, and they were actually happier without either.

To look a little self-sacrifice at the start to overcome the trifling habits, but the experiment was highly successful.

W. J. B. Turner, 223 William St., Balhurst, N.S.W.

## What's on your mind?

### Browned off

THERE is too much conversational short-circuiting being done. Once we used to say "How delightful," "That's splendid," "I am pleased," "What wonderful news." Now we gurggle "Goody" or "Whoopie."

Instead of saying "I've been working hard to-day" or "I'm tired out," we say "I've had it." Instead of "Mrs. Jones next door annoyed me to-day," we say "I've had Mrs. Jones."

One gets rather tired of this quick-fire ear-bashing. It's getting so bad that someone should publish a dictionary of these terms.

But one thing is certain: It's about time we wiped or scrubbed the saying, "I've had it." Because I've had "had it."

5/- to L. Danby, 8 Estella St., Glen Iris, Vic.

### Country youth took it

MR. KERSLAKE in his letter (23/3/47) claims that the country youth "cannot take it."

If he would only cast his mind back to the recent war years he would surely cast those words.

Farmers' sons and farmhands were in the forefront of the Services, and when the call for food came we saw school boys and girls doing all sorts of farm work—handling bags of wheat (170lb. weight), pitching hay, harvesting vegetables, mustering sheep.

Speaking as a farmer, I do not blame the country youth for going to the city. Conditions are good in industrial areas, with less hours and more money.

Is it any wonder that the country youth wants similar amenities?

5/- to S. Hope, Grenfell, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### A joint affair

WHY aren't boys taught carving? I've noticed that very often when the mother of a family has prepared the dinner, nine times out of ten she has to carve the meat.

I think there is nothing more disgusting than seeing a man sitting at one end of the table while his poor



wife struggles with the joint. And if she carves it badly he remarks that she is a poor carver.

There is very little that a man does about the house, so surely it would not harm him to carve. It would save the wife a lot of grey hairs if this were left to the husband.

Before I ever say "I do" to any young man, I'll say first, "Can you carve a leg of lamb?"

5/- to Edith Parry, 137 Northwood St., W. Leederville, Perth.

### Gifts that gladden

WITH many other aged folk and old-age pensioners, I recently attended the Southgate Town Hall for a distribution of gifts from Australia. Much appreciation and many thanks were expressed, and there were very few who had not some happy recollections of Service men and women who came so very far to help us during the war. One remark I heard was: "The Aussies never forget," with which we all agreed.

These gifts are a real blessing, and, as well as helping materially, give that comforting feeling that SOME-BODY CARES.

The winter is very severe, and many stay in bed as much as possible to keep warm, fuel being dear and in short supply. Your gifts both warm and gladden our hearts, and although official letters of thanks are being sent by our Mayor, I thought a letter of thanks and appreciation would give that personal touch that we so like to give a friend.

5/- to Mr. C. Ravilious, 24 St. George's Rd., Palmers Green, London.

### Smithereens

A LETTER from Miss Boyce (8/2/47) suggested glass roofs on dance halls. I do not think that this would work out.

In this district, and many others, we have very severe storms and cyclonic disturbances which cause much damage. The glass would probably be smashed to smithereens, and dancers might suffer painful injuries from jagged pieces of shattering glass.

5/- to Miss A. Pedersen, "Alford," Oakhurst, Qld.

## Glare could be removed from roads

WITH concrete footpaths and roads being made everywhere, and replacing other types of road surfacing, glare becomes very trying. I think it would be a great boon to all if these concrete surfaces were made glare-proof by the addition of coloring matter, such as green or red oxide.

Wearing a shady hat is of little use when the glare is striking upwards. Sun-glasses, so we are told, are detrimental to the eyes.

By using coloring in the concrete, the sight of many young Australians will be preserved, and the color will add an attractive touch to our suburbs.

5/- to Mrs. E. Knightly, 67 The Avenue, Strathfield, N.S.W.

### Malaria sufferers

MANY people have the impression that returned servicemen suddenly attacked by malaria are drunk.

One evening when travelling in a tram I felt obliged to help one of these cases home. No one else appeared interested, so after helping him to alight I sat with him on a tram seat about half an hour, and then walked to his home with him.

He informed me that he was used to being misjudged and criticised when he got an attack. It occurred to me that some kind of badge could be worn by these sick men in order that they might receive the help they merit.

The looks of disgust and the remarks of both men and women in the tram made it plain that the majority of people are ignorant of the symptoms of this complaint.

5/- to Mrs. Sylvia Saxton, 139 Holt Ave., Cremorne, N.S.W.

## L

LEWIS got quite to depend on these chats, holding off from making coffee until he might reasonably expect Joan home. Then one miserably raw and stormy night he arrived in a very damp state to find she was not going out after all.

"I'm so sorry I couldn't let you know," she apologised, "but I didn't know where to reach you after you left the office."

"Oh, that's all right," he said cheerfully. "It's not much of a wait back."

"Come in and get dry first," she ordered. "Johnny Ipswich came to take me to the pictures, but it was so rainy I voted against going out."

Major Fives surveyed Johnny Ipswich with deep interest as introductions were performed. The verdict, he decided, was good. Concluding there was a crowd, he dried himself slightly, picked up his book and departed.

He had known already that Joan had admirers. Twice someone had called on her, and several times there had been telephone calls—always in a male voice.

"Johnny is Patso's greatest admirer," Joan told him when they were talking together the next time he came. "He's almost a nuisance at times—always dashing over here to play with the baby."

"He sounds rather serious," Lewis remarked tentatively.

"Oh, he is," she assured him calmly.

"Well, er—are you?" Lewis asked, taken aback.

"I'm not sure," she told him, her cheeks flushing. "but so far I've told him I'd rather be loved for my soul alone."

Joan, having divulged this much, became quite confidential under slight pressure from Lewis. She had, it appeared, some doubts as to the wisdom of marrying Johnny. For one thing, he was two years younger than she. Lewis was flabbergasted to discover she was actually twenty-seven.

She had known Johnny only a matter of a few months. He belonged to a wealthy family, and marrying him would mean living in a very different social world from what she had been used to. On the other hand, he seemed to adore the baby, and Joan had made up her mind to marry.

## The Major Minds the Minor

Continued from page 17

Grasping the baby firmly, he walked up and down the room, patting mechanically and saying "Sh-h-h" at intervals. The cries diminished slightly, and eventually subsided to gurgles.

With a sigh of relief Lewis carefully replaced the baby in his cot. Patso eyed him unwinkingly for a minute. Then he opened his mouth and wailed like a banshee.

"Good grief," said Lewis, grabbing the child up once more. He resumed his walking and patting; the cries stopped. He replaced Patso in his



"Don't let him just stand there! Ask him if he happens to have any pictures of their baby."

It was no use. Patso was possessed to cry.

Lewis looked at the clock desperately. It was after eleven. His heart rose a bit. Johnny had said he was leaving on the midnight train. Therefore, Joan would have to be home shortly, for the boy to make his train. Gently he picked up the baby, and, cradling the sobbing little bundle awkwardly in his arms, soothed and paced and paced and soothed. At any moment now Joan would return.

But at twelve-thirty she was still absent. Patso had subsided into

an uneasy doze, waking to whimper every now and again. He staunchly and firmly refused to go back to his cot peacefully. Lewis rumbled up his hair wildly and realised he didn't know the name of a doctor nearby. In addition, he began to be more than worried about Joan.

If Johnny Ipswich had caught the midnight train, where was she? Holding Patso in his arms, Lewis worked himself into a frightful sweat, imagining all kinds of tragedies. Or was it possible, he suddenly thought, to get married at a moment's notice in the middle of the night, by means of liberal payments for disturbed sleep?

Johnny had said, "Tonight's the night." Was it? At the thought he grasped Patso with such force that the baby cried out.

"Sh-h-h," said Lewis automatically. She can't be getting married, he told himself.

But, after all, why not? Because I'm going to take her home with me, his mind said instantly. Because I'm building a nursery for Patso right this minute. Patso hiccupped gently and buried his head in Lewis' neck. Lewis cuddled the baby with instinctive tenderness. "You'd like to live in the country, I'll bet," he said soothingly.

By two o'clock Lewis' feet were sore and his nerves were worn thin. He had imagined every conceivable kind of accident and worried himself sick over the possibility of Joan's runaway marriage. Patso had hit a full when the front door slammed; he immediately awoke and wailed loudly.

Joan came running into the room. "What are you doing to that child?" she demanded accusingly.

In his relief at seeing her alive and apparently undamaged, Lewis lost his temper. "What am I doing?" he said, glaring at her wildly over the baby's shrieking form. "I'm minding your baby, madam. Can I help it if he cries? I'm not a doctor."

"How long has he been crying?" she cried. "Give him to me at once. What did you do to him?"

Indignantly Lewis exclaimed: "I didn't do anything to him. I merely walked him up and down, up and down, for three hours while you were out, gadding round just as though you hadn't a care in the world!"

He broke off suddenly. Joan was looking at him in silence, her eyes brimming with tears, and his temper died as quickly as it had flared up.

Lewis reached a tentative arm about her shoulders. "It was unavoidable, my Joan," he said, gently, "but I thought Johnny was leaving at midnight and you'd certainly be home before that. When you didn't come home, I got worried to death, imagining accidents. I even thought perhaps you'd eloped with him, and when the baby sounded off like a siren, it was just the last straw. I just lost my temper and said things I didn't mean. Please, will you forgive me?"

She nodded wearily. "That's all right. I didn't realise you'd worry."

"Johnny got involved in a lot of speculating and missed his train. By the time I got a taxi to bring me home, it was much later than I intended."

"Speculating?" Lewis held his breath, but he had to know. "Are congratulations in order?" he asked. She shook her head. "No. I don't think Patso would be happy living in the city." She retreated a step at something in his eyes.

"Um-hm," Lewis replied conversationally, feeling a tremendous hope within him. "Do you think, perhaps, that he'd prefer living in the country? In something like a studio home, with a room of his own? Because I think I know just the place."

"Well," she said faintly. "yes, I think he would."

With one immense stride he closed the distance between them and folded her in his arms.

"Joan," he said then, "do you mean it?"

After a short but satisfactory interlude, Joan pulled away from him. "Do you know," she said thoughtfully, "I believe that I've had a fancy for a long time for that very same studio house."

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**WOMAN EXHIBITOR.** Miss Thelma McMaster, from Dalkeith, Cassilis, inspects one of her exhibits at the Royal Show with Mr. Lionel Krone, of the Australian Wool Board and Pastoral Review. Thelma is the daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster.

## Intimate Gossipings

**CITY** folk can take a back seat and gracefully retire to the back benches during the Easter festivities. It's our country cousins' turn to hold the limelight.

We can tramp out to the Royal Show and be enthralled with interest by all the exhibits, but can we ever know the thrill of seeing our stud cattle carry off a prize? No, all we get is tired feet.

**WATCHING** the expressions of exhibitors during the cattle judging, I'm surprised to see the wives of exhibitors look more tense and excited than their husbands when cattle from their properties are led into the ring. Well, perhaps it's just that old male superiority again that makes it possible for them to preserve a poker face.

"I WAS up at dawn. I was so excited I just couldn't sleep," Mrs. Roy McCaughey tells me. She was out at the Show by 9 a.m. on judging day to watch her exhibit, Borambola Air-Mamba, carry off first prize in the novice classes of bull, 12 months and under two years. "Just stood there with my heart in my throat and willed him to win," she adds. Husband Roy lunched at the breeders' luncheon at the Royal Show, and Mrs. McCaughey and her house guests, the Minister for Child, Senior Hubner, and Mrs. Hubner, made a foursome at Glenaeles with Mrs. Matthew Robinson.

The McCaugheys had a grand celebration at Prince's on the night of the judging, and the next evening entertained 150 guests at a buffet supper party at Glenaeles. Lots of country guests at party, including the Olive Fairfax, Mr. K. G. Mackinnon, The Bungalow, Dandalo, who judged the Shorthorns.



**INDIAN EXHIBIT TRADE SHOW.** Pamela Smyser and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smyser, attend the Indian Exhibit, which is part of the British Empire Exhibition at the Royal Easter Show. Mr. Smyser is manager of Pan-American Airways. His wife and daughter are wearing saris from the Indian collection.



**VET STUDENTS** relax between jobs at Royal Show. Alison Kyle, of Canterbury, New Zealand, third year vet student at Sydney University, and Pat Yardley, of Otago, New Zealand, fourth year vet student, look after Mr. J. R. Allen's stud cattle from Victoria.



**SOCIETY WEDDING.** Robert Bowie, S.A., and bride, formerly Audrey Arnott, at reception at Australia following ceremony at St. Philip's, Church Hill, with matron of honor Mrs. Joan Black. Audrey is youngest daughter of the Percy Arnotts, of Strathfield.

**FEEL** I'm looking at a copy of Who's Who when I open my mail and glance over the list of passengers who are sailing in the Orion. First on the list is Mrs. Philip Ashton, of Goreana, June, who was Morna Mackenzie, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, Scotland, before her marriage to famous polo player Phil Ashton. She sails with her son Christopher and daughter Katherine to visit her parents.

**LOTS** of farewells to Betty Field, who sails with her mother, Mrs. T. A. Field, on board the Orion. Saw her last week dashing in after a round of dressmaker fittings to lunch at Romano's with Katie Galbraith and her sister Pauline Weir. Also saw the Fields at the Show watching the ring events from the members' stand.



**LUNCHING** at Carlton. Mrs. J. Saxtelle (left), Paul Jacklin, and Mrs. E. Armstrong attend luncheon at Carlton Hotel when Sydney Day Nursery Association launches appeal for funds. Association cares for children at a special Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' exhibition at the Royal Show.



**VISITORS** from Western Australia. Mrs. Charles Reed, head (left), of Melara, W.A., with Mrs. Harold Readhouse, Minninooka, Walkaway, Western Australia, have picnic afternoon tea seated on bundles of fodder at the Show.



**CHARMING VISITORS.** Mr. and Mrs. Ugo Lindholm, who are in Sydney on a visit from their native Sweden. The Lindholms sail on the Mattawonga for America with Mr. and Mrs. Albert. Mrs. Albert is Mrs. Lindholm's sister.



**AT KINDERGARTEN UNION MEETING.** Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones (left), Sir Samuel Cohen, and Marjorie Northcott, daughter of the Governor, General Northcott, at the fifty-second annual meeting of the Kindergarten Union, held in the Blue Room at David Jones.

**FAMILY** party at Prince's when Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax entertain their son Mick and his attractive wife Sue when they come to Sydney from their property, Tarnuk, Merriwa. Mick and Sue fly on to Melbourne to spend Easter there, and from there go on to Adelaide for holiday. Daughters Dymphna and Diana are left with Sue's mother, Mrs. George Staggdale, while Mrs. Fairfax looks after young Prudence in Sydney. Also dining with them are Mrs. Fairfax's son-in-law and daughter, the Edward Chauvels.

**FAMILY** parties must be in the air, because I saw the newlywed Jim Sargoods lunching at Prince's with Mrs. Sargood's two handsome young sons, Tony and Bruce Chisholm.

**RUSH** of last-minute parties—pre-wedding and farewell—for Joan Hartigan, who marries Hugh Bathurst, of Melbourne, on April 12, at St. Mary's Cathedral, and then sails for England in the Orion. Joan is the second daughter of the Commissioner for Railways, Mr. T. J. Hartigan, and Mrs. Hartigan, of Mosman.

**CHAT** with Anita Bellamy, who sails for America to stay with friends in Dallas, Texas, before flying to Montreal, en route for England to marry Lieut. Michael Richardson, R.N., on July 15. Anita and Michael will make their future home in Southampton.

**DATES** for your diary: Easter Race Frivillity, April 9; Rose's... April 10, "Blue and Gold" Ball to celebrate silver jubilee of Country Women's Association, to be held at Trocadero... Dance of White City arranged by Australian Association of Occupational Therapists in aid of their club and rooms—April 11.

**GUESTS** of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Winchester, of Neutral Bay, Mrs. R. Ingamills, of Westbury, Tasmania, and Beverley Ingamills, daughter of Romano's together with Mrs. P. S. sons.

**LOOKING** for all the world like a breath of spring rather than autumn, Mrs. Rex Money and her sister Mrs. Clive Statham, both along Martin Place for luncheon date, each sporting a pretty, flower-trimmed hat.

*joy*



**A**LISTAIR BLUNT exclaimed sharply: "Are you trying to say that it was Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's dead body in that flat, after all?"

"Of course it was! It was a very clever double bluff—the amazed face was meant to raise a question of the woman's identity!"

"But the dental evidence?"

"Ah! Now we come to it. It was not the dentist himself who gave evidence. Morley was dead. He couldn't give evidence as to his own work. He would have known who the dead woman was. It was the charts that were put in as evidence—and the charts were faked. Both women were his patients, remember? All that had to be done was to re-label the charts, exchanging the names."

"So now," Poirot concluded, "you see what I meant when I asked me if the woman was dead and I replied, 'That depends.' For when you say 'Miss Sainsbury Seale'—which woman do you mean? The woman who disappeared from the Clongowrie Court Hotel or the real Mabelle Sainsbury Seale?"

Alistair Blunt eyed Poirot shrewdly.

"I know, M. Poirot, that you have a great reputation. Therefore I accept that you must have some grounds for this extraordinary assumption—for it is an assumption, nothing more. But all I can see is the fantastic improbability of the whole thing. You are saying, are you not, that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was deliberately murdered and that Morley was also murdered to prevent his identifying her dead body. But why?"

He paused, then repeated, "Why? That's what I want to know. Here's this woman—a perfectly harmless, middle-aged woman—with plenty of friends and apparently no enemies. Why on earth all this elaborate plot to get rid of her?"

"Why? Yes, that is the question. Well, I will tell you what I think."

"Yes?"

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. He said: "It is my belief that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was murdered because she happened to have too good a memory for faces."

"What do you mean?"

"We have separated the dual personality," Poirot went on. "There is the harmless woman from India, and there is the clever actress playing the part of the harmless woman from India. But there is one incident that falls between the two roles. Which Miss Sainsbury Seale was it who spoke to you on the doorstep of Mr. Morley's house? She claimed, you will remember, to be a great friend of your wife's. Now that claim was adjudged by her friends and by the light of ordinary probability to be untrue."

"Yes," Blunt nodded agreement. "So we can say: That was a lie. The real Miss Sainsbury Seale does not tell lies." So it was a lie uttered by the impostor for a purpose of her own.

Again Blunt nodded.

"Yes, that reasoning is quite clear. Though I still don't know what the purpose was."

"Ah, pardon—but let us first look at it the other way round. It was the real Miss Sainsbury Seale. She does not tell lies. So the story must be true."

"I suppose you can look at it that way—but it seems very unlikely."

"Of course it is unlikely. But taking that second hypothesis as fact—the story is true. Therefore, Miss Sainsbury Seale did know your wife. She knew her well. Therefore—your wife must have been the type of person Miss Sainsbury Seale would have known well. Someone in her own station of life. An Anglo-Indian—a missionary—or, to go back farther still—an actress—therefore not Rebecca Arnholt!"

"Now M. Blunt, do you see what I meant when I talked of a private and a public life? You are also a man who married a rich wife. And before you married her you were only a junior partner in the firm—not very long down from Oxford."

"You comprehend—I began to look at the case the right way up. Expense no object? Naturally not—to you. Reckless of human life—that, too, since for a long time you have been virtually a dictator, and so a dictator his own life becomes

## One, Two, Buckle

unduly important and those of others unimportant."

"What are you suggesting, M. Poirot?"

Poirot said quietly: "I am suggesting, M. Blunt, that when you married Rebecca Arnholt, you were married already. That, dazzled by the vista, not so much of wealth, as of power, you suppressed that fact and deliberately committed bigamy. That your real wife acquiesced in the situation."

"And who was this real wife?"

"Mrs. Albert Chapman was the name she went under at King Leopold Mansions—a handy spot, not five minutes' walk from your house on the Chelsea Embankment. You borrowed the name of a real secret agent, realising that it would give support to her hints of a husband engaged in intelligence work. Your scheme succeeded perfectly. No suspicion was never aroused. Nevertheless, the fact remained, you had never been legally married to Rebecca Arnholt and you were guilty of bigamy."

"You never dreamt of danger after so many years. It came out of the blue—in the form of a tiresome woman who remembered you after nearly twenty years, as her friend's husband. Chance brought her back to this country, chance let her meet you in Queen Charlotte Street—it was chance that your niece was with you and heard what she said to you. Otherwise, I might never have guessed."

### Georgette Heyer serial

**CELEBRATED** and popular writer Georgette Heyer is author of our new serial, "No Wind Of Blame," to begin in our issue of April 19.

A sparkling present-day story, with the setting of an English country home, the serial starts with a delightfully incongruous house-party whose guests include an improbable Russian prince, an extremely volatile blonde, and an ex-actress with high social ambitions, then moves on to baffling mystery when death strikes among the strangely assorted company. Romance, comedy, and drama are blended throughout with that fascinating mastery which has made Georgette Heyer outstanding among modern fiction writers.

Watch for the long and intriguing opening instalment next week.

"I told you about that myself, my dear Poirot."

"No, it was your niece who insisted on telling me and you could not very well protest too violently in case it might arouse suspicions. And after that meeting, one more evil chance from your point of view occurred. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale met Amberiotis, went to lunch with him and bawled to him of this meeting with a friend's husband—after all these years! That, I admit, is pure guesswork on my part, but I believe it is what happened."

"I do not think that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale realised for a moment that the Mr. Blunt her friend had married was the shadowy figure behind the finance of the world. The name, after all, is not an uncommon one. But Amberiotis, remember, in addition to his espionage activities, was a blackmailer. Blackmailers have an uncanny nose for a secret. Amberiotis wondered."

"Easy to find out just who the Mr. Blunt was. And then, I have no doubt, he wrote to you or telephoned. Oh, yes—a gold mine for Amberiotis."

Poirot paused.

"There is only one effectual method of dealing with a really efficient and experienced blackmailer," he went on. "Silence him. It was not a case, as I had had erroneously suggested to me, of 'Blunt must go.' It was, on the contrary, 'Amberiotis must go.' But the answer was the same! The easiest way to get at a man is when he is off his guard, and when is a man more off his guard than in the dentist's chair?"

A faint smile came to Poirot's lips.

## My Shoe

Continued from page 4

"The truth about the case was mentioned very early. The page-boy, Alfred, was reading a crime story called 'Death at Eleven Forty-five.' We should have taken that as an omen. For, of course, that is just about the time when Morley was killed. You shot him just as you were leaving. Then you pressed his buzzer, turned on the taps of the wash basin and left the room."

"You timed it so that you came down the stairs just as Alfred was taking the false Mabelle Sainsbury Seale to the lift. You actually opened the front door, perhaps you passed out, but as the lift doors shut and the lift went up you slipped inside again and went up the stairs."

"I know, from my own visits, just what Alfred did when he took up a patient. He knocked on the door, opened it, and stood back to let the patient pass in. Inside the water was running—inference, Morley was washing his hands as usual. But Alfred couldn't actually see him."

"As soon as Alfred had gone down again in the lift, you slipped along into the surgery. Together you and your accomplice lifted the body and carried it into the adjoining office. Then a quick hunt through the files, and the charts of Mrs. Chapman and Miss Sainsbury Seale were cleverly falsified. You put on a white linen coat, perhaps your wife applied a trace of make-up. But nothing much was needed."

"It was Amberiotis' first visit to Morley. He had never met you. And your photograph seldom appears in the papers. Besides, why should he have suspicions? A blackmailer does not fear his dentist."

"Miss Sainsbury Seale goes down and Alfred shows her out. The buzzer goes and Amberiotis is taken up. He finds the dentist washing his hands behind the door in approved fashion. He is conducted to the chair. He indicates the painful tooth. You talk the accustomed patter. You explain it will be best to freeze the gum. You inject a big enough dose to kill. And incidentally he will not feel any lack of skill in your dentistry!"

"Completely unsuspecting, Amberiotis leaves. You bring up Morley's body and arrange it on the floor, dragging it slightly on the carpet now that you have to manage it single-handed. You wipe the pistol and put it in his hand—wipe the door handle so that your prints shall not be the last. The instruments you used have all been passed into the steriliser."

"You leave the room, go down the stairs and slip out of the front door at a suitable moment. That is your only moment of danger."

Poirot paused, but the other man remained silent, and after a moment Poirot went on talking.

"It should all have passed off so well. Two people who threatened your safety—both dead. A third person also dead—but that, from your point of view, was unavoidable. And all so easily explained. Morley's suicide explained by the mistake he had made over Amberiotis. The two deaths cancel out. One of those regrettable accidents."

"But alas for you, I am on the scene. I have doubts. I make objections. All is not going as easily as you hoped. So there must be a second line of defences. There must be, if necessary, a scapegoat. You have already informed yourself minutely of Morley's household. There is this man, Frank Carter, he will do. So your accomplice arranges that he shall be engaged in a mysterious fashion as gardener. If, later, he tells such a ridiculous story, no one will believe it."

"In due course the body in the fur chest will come to light. At first it will be thought to be that of Miss Sainsbury Seale, then the dental evidence will be taken. Big sensation! It may seem a needless complication, but it was necessary. You do not want the police force to be looking for a missing Mrs. Albert Chapman." Again Poirot paused.

Please turn to page 24



"Home James . . . I've got the RINSO!"

Drive washday cares away—  
**RINSO'S THICKER,  
RICHER SUDS**  
save all rubbing



OH HAPPY ME! NOW I USE  
RINSO'S THICKER RICHER SUDS  
THERE'S NO NEED TO RUB  
WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS

NO RUBBING MEANS THAT  
CLOTHES LAST LONGER.  
AND THINK HOW MUCH  
TIME AND WORK  
THOSE SUDS DO SAVE!

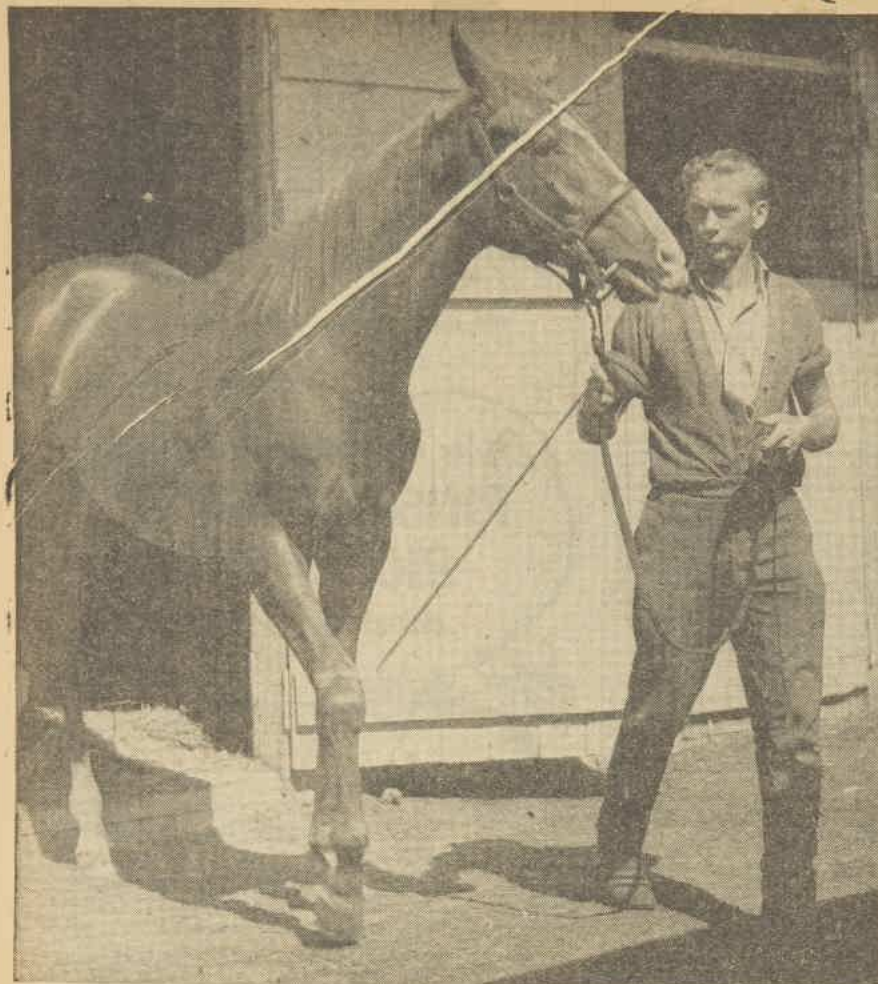
WHITES COME UP SPARKLING . . .  
SILKS AND COLOURED GAY AS FLOWERS!  
AND WHAT'S MORE, RINSO'S A WIZARD  
FOR WASHING-UP. DISSOLVES GREASE  
IN A FLASH!

2.226.23

Page 23



# HEIRS APPARENT OF EQUINE ROYALTY FACE



OUR HANDSOME COVER BOY—Columnist's brother. One of 606 yearlings to be sold this week, the chestnut colt is being taken for his morning exercise by strapper Donald Cansey before 8 a.m. breakfast.

## New owners will choose names

By staff reporter VICKI ANDERSON

After visiting a New South Wales stud and meeting eight bluebloods bound for this week's Yearling Sales I'd like to see all the beautiful creatures flashing past the Melbourne Cup post together.

It's a sentiment shared, I feel, by the man who has cared for the youngsters from birth, who, with the stud owner, has watched over them to ensure that as far as breeding and health are concerned they will have every chance to develop into champions.

HE is the manager of the stud, lanky, slow-spoken, typical Australian horse-lover Bert Bogan.

A yearling has no name until its new owner christens it.

With more than 40 years' experience with horses, Bert still has only one name—"Sweetheart"—for his present precious charges from Genetout, the magnificent stallion, to the leggy, wobbly, highly inquisitive foal of the beautiful mare Silver Heels.

When I first saw Bert, he was putting a rug for the first time on a chestnut colt. Despite the fact that the colt's distinguished brother, Sajakeda, has long since taken rugs and stake-winnings in his stride, the chestnut was definitely suspicious about the whole business.

With a persuasive "Come on, Sweetheart," Bert gave the rug to the colt to sniff and think about.

When the sensitive nostrils stopped twitching and the youngster decided the rug was O.K., it went on his back.

"He's an affectionate-natured young fellow," said Bert, who, I soon learned, has the individual dispositions of his young fellows tabbed off as though they were children.

In the stable next to Sajakeda's brother is a colt whose chief claim to fame at the sales will be that he is a full brother to Columnist.

Bert appreciates this, too, but you feel he has more pleasure in recalling:

"He was a great little chap as a foal. Whenever I went into his paddock he'd come helter-skelter across it toward me. Then, when he got within about five yards, he'd stop still and mince nonchalantly across."

In his stable with its silver nameplate I met Genetout. From his window Gene can cast a proud fatherly eye over his seven yearling progeny ranged in stables alongside him, or glance out across the emerald-green pastures where about 20 mares and 15 foals are grazing.

In addition to Columnist's brother, Sajakeda's brother, and Lady Killmurry's filly, Genetout's yearlings comprise a brother to Warlock, a half-sister to Whisper Low, a full brother to The Doctor, a brown colt—first foal to Jenny Wren.

Sharing the happy home and accepted member of the family is a brown filly whose Ma, Port Dombey (half-sister to Felcrag), was sired in England to Pay Up.

Any yearling youngsters with a Pop whose pedigree is as long and

illustrious as Genetout's can well neigh with pride.

Thirteen years old and insured for £4000, Genetout was brought out from Normandy some years before the war. Outstanding winner on the Continent, he ran third in the French Derby.

He is a proud descendant of the famous St. Simon-French crosses which in the past 40 years have had a predominating influence on the bloodstock of France and other European countries.

Large percentage of world champions have had one or more strains of St. Simon, an English horse with an unbeaten Turf record.

Phar Lap had two strains of St. Simon and three of his sire, Galopin. Other St. Simon descendants have been Peter Pan, Poitrel, and Comedy King (whose record as sire of winners of the largest amount in stakes in Australia still stands).

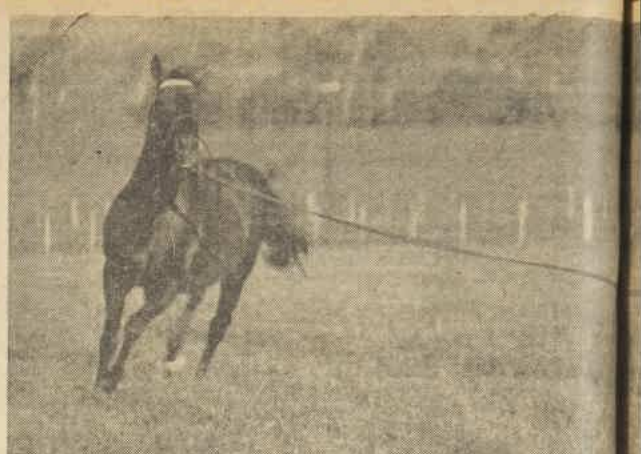
In Australia the line has produced more Melbourne Cup winners than any other sire line.

Watching the magnificent Genetout as he exercises in the paddock, lovely neck arched, mane tossing as he canter round and round Bert Bogan, one can almost picture his fabulous forefather, St. Simon, stepping it out beside him.

Even without Pop's pedigree to boast of, these yearling aristocrats could claim distinguished relationships on their mothers' sides.

Columnist's brother could take you through to the lounge of the home-stead, where there's a picture on the wall of Mom, Pen Name, passing the post in one of her several race-track victories.

Sajakeda's brother might ear-bash you about Mum (Ciceraria) being a half-sister to Beau Pere and Mr. Standfast. Beau Pere's progeny earned nearly £90,000 in stake money on the American Turf in the first six months of last year.



MORNING SNACK for a young aristocrat—Warlock's brother.

He might also add that two fillies of this famous uncle of his brought £4500 and £4000 at the August sales at Lexington, Kentucky, last year.

As for the rest of the young aristocrats: Well, Jenny Wren's first foal is pretty proud of the fact that his grandpop on Mum's side is Double Remove; The Doctor's brother points out that his Mom, Overdose, is a half-sister to Emborough, sire of Bernborough.

Port Dombey's first foal modestly mentions that her mother is a half-sister to Felcrag and Whisper Low's half-sister would have you remember that her mother, Aissa, as well as her Pop, Genetout, was a winner in France.

A day in the life of any yearling during his two months' preparation for the sales is an enviable one.

With reveille at 5 a.m., the yearling is taken for a pleasant roll and walk while stable boys set about their housework in his stable.

Breakfast is at eight and the thoroughbred settles down to a delectable dish of boiled barley, linseed, prime chaff, bran, and molasses.

After breakfast comes his grooming beauty treatment and a thorough medical examination.



"WATCH ME BURN up the track and"

At 11 a.m. there's a little snack of green lucerne, and at 12 noon a small dry feed of chaff and oats. The youngster has an afternoon nap until 3.30, when he takes another walk and roll in the yard.

He returns to find his bed of clean sweet-smelling new hay made up for the night. Dinner is at 6 p.m., and at 7 p.m., when water has been provided for the night—it's lights out.

If you're dreaming of one day starting a stud farm, here's an outline of the cost, as Bert gives it. A 400-acre property with about 20



# SALE RING



GENETOUT, sire of yearlings pictured on this page and descendant of famous St. Simon—Prize crosses, cariers with stud manager Bert Bogan at a N.S.W. stud farm.



TWO BEAUTIFUL CHESTNUTS—Fort Dombey and her foal stand out against background of lush green meadows. Fort Dombey, a half-sister to Felcrag, has a brown filly among yearlings.



THE DOCTOR'S brother tolerates a little beauty treatment from Don Causey.

## Breeding champs is big industry

By C. J. GRAVES, noted racing writer

In an exhilarating, tense atmosphere, with bids skyrocketing 50 to 4000 guineas with the mere bat of an eyelid, 606 lots of thoroughbreds will be sold at Randwick at the Yearling Sales this week.

Among them will be our handsome Cover Boy—Columnist's brother by Genetout—Pen Name.

NEARLY half a million pounds is spent through-out Australia on the breeding of potential champs like this colt for yearling sales.

Away from the racetracks and the jockey, it is the biggest gamble of the year.

New South Wales disperses annually at auction 600 thoroughbreds. They come from over 100 studs located in the richest meadow land the State possesses.

In money, millions are invested in these stud properties and their

thoroughbred stock. Blood lines are replenished yearly by importation of stallions and mares from England, chief source of the world's best horses.

In the past eight months five English stallions have come in at a total cost of more than £50,000.

There are stallions here from France and Italy. There is an English Derby winner, Coronach, in New Zealand.

N.S.W. studmasters send mares for mating across the Tasman.

New Zealand raises high-class stock, but many locals like the Australian blood, buy youngsters to develop them among N.Z.'s richer, near-English pastures.

This was the procedure with a 260-gns. buy in 1917.

It proved to be Glosling, winner of 37 races and £43,100 in prize-money.

Huge expenses on studs and their stocking, scientific mating, hard work on the cultivation of the right feed and grasses, and the care of highly qualified stallions, mares, and foals represent the debit side of the ledger for the studmaster.

The sales held annually at Easter provide the credit.

From every State, from New Zealand, from India and other Eastern countries come the buyers, for N.S.W. provides 75 per cent. of the Commonwealth's racing stock.

The sales are an institution dating back nearly a century.

They attract people who buy, and people who, horse-lovers at heart, simply want to watch the parades and the sales while Reg Inglis, premier bloodstock salesman of N.S.W., stresses the fine points and the purple pedigrees of the prancing, high-strung thoroughbreds.

You can pay 60 guineas for a yearling and get a champion. It can be increased to 160 guineas and provide a better champion.

You can give 4300 guineas and find a dud in the stable.

But you can also give as much as 2600 guineas, or even 3100 guineas, and find yourself the owner of a good winner.

The 60-guinea lot was Flight, best Australian mare of recent times, and winner of £30,227 in prize-money and vast sums in bets for the people.

The 160-guinea lot was Phar Lap, hailed as greatest Australian race-horse of all time, winner in America as well as here, who earned £90,738.

Heric cost 2600 guineas as a yearling, won £38,062, and sired another champion, Ajax, who won even more, £40,275.

A year ago A. O. Romano paid, out of Bernborough winnings, 3100 gns. for a filly, and named her Lady Ajax. She has had two wins and a second in four starts, and is already on the way to great earnings.

Apparently one of the dud buys is Caruso, who cost 4300 guineas a year ago and has earned only £300 to date.

Brothers to a number of notable gallopers are for sale this Easter.

More brothers of the great are successful than not.

There are two classical examples in England and Australia.

The English brothers are Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, full brothers, by St. Simon from Perdita II, who won the English Derby and many other great races for the late King Edward VII.

Gaulus and The Graftor were the Australian brothers.

Gaulus narrowly defeated The Graftor in the 1897 Melbourne Cup. Next year The Graftor won it.

There have been hundreds of other examples of blood brothers in turf success.

This year's brothers of great gallopers are from the families of Shannon, Columnist, Flying Duke, Prince Standard, On Target.

Columnist's brother, by Genetout—Pen Name, is one of the sale's best-recommended colts in conformation, quality, and, curiously, traces to a mare by Persimmon, English Derby and classic winner mentioned above.

He gets the Persimmon blood through Comedy King, a Melbourne Cup winner and sire of two other Melbourne Cup winners, Artilleryman and King Ingoda.



... says Sajakoda's brother.

... another 20 visiting mares, a 15-13 foals, and a half-dozen of yearlings would average 40 running costs a year.

... this the initial cost of the 1000 to £1300—a £4000 stallion establishment of stables, hospital, feed-rooms, kitchen, boiler, food, periodical renovation, and you haven't begun to make inroads into the book.

... never know, that champ must be among the foals in the paddock.



HALF-SISTER to Whisper Low, used to check-ups by friend Bert Bogan, stands quietly while he gives her the O.K.



FOR a moment

there was silence, then Poirot continued, "No; let Mrs. Chapman be dead—and let it be Mabelle Sainsbury Seale for whom the police look. Since they can never find her. Besides, through your influence, you can arrange to have the case dropped." He smiled ruefully.

"You did do that, but since it was necessary that you should know just what I was doing, you sent for me and urged me to find the missing woman for you. And you continued, steadily, to 'force a card' upon me. Your accomplice rang me up with a melodramatic warning—the same idea—espionage—the public aspect. She is a clever actress, this wife of yours, but to disguise one's voice the natural tendency is to imitate another voice.

"Your wife imitated the intonation of Mrs. Olivera. That puzzled me, I may say, a good deal. Then I was taken down to Exham—the final performance was staged. How easy to arrange a loaded pistol among laurels so that a man, clipping them, shall unwittingly cause it to go off. The pistol falls at his feet. Startled, he picks it up. What more do you want?

"He is caught red-handed—with a ridiculous story and with a pistol which is a twin to the one with which Morley was shot. And all a snare for the feet of Hercule Poirot. Alistair Blunt stirred a little in his chair. His face was grave and a little sad.

"Don't misunderstand me, M. Poirot," he said. "How much do you guess? And how much do you actually know?"

Poirot said: "I have a certificate of the marriage—at a registry office near Oxford—of Martin Alistair Blunt and Gerda Grant. Frank Carter saw two men leave Morley's surgery just after twenty-five past

twelve. The first was a fat man—Amberiotis. The second was, of course, you. Frank Carter did not recognise you. He only saw you from above."

"How fair of you to mention that!" He went into the surgery and found Morley's body. The hands were cold and there was dried blood round the wound. That meant that Morley had been dead some time. Therefore the dentist who attended to Amberiotis could not have been Morley and must have been Morley's murderer."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, Helen Montresor was arrested this afternoon."

Alistair Blunt gave one sharp movement. Then he sat very still.

"That—rather tears it," he said.

"Yes," Poirot said quietly. "The real Helen Montresor, your distant cousin, died in Canada seven years ago. You suppressed that fact, and took advantage of it."

A smile came to Alistair Blunt's lips. He spoke naturally and with a kind of boyish enjoyment.

"Gerda got a kick out of it all, you know. I'd like to make you understand. You're such a clever fellow. I married her without letting my people know. She was acting in repertory at the time. My people were the strict-laced kind, and I was going into the firm. We agreed to keep it dark. She went on acting."

"Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was in the company, too. She knew about us. Then she went abroad with a touring company. Gerda heard of her once or twice from India. Then she stopped writing. Mabelle got mixed up with some Hindu. She was always a stupid, credulous girl. His smile had faded.

"I wish I could make you understand about my meeting with Rebecca and my marriage," he went on

Continued from page 21

slowly. "Gerda understood. The only way I can put it is that it was like Royalty. I had the chance of marrying a Queen and playing the part of Prince Consort or even King, so I looked on my marriage to Gerda as a coronation. I still loved her. And the whole thing worked splendidly."

"As for Rebecca, I liked her immensely. She was a woman with a first-class financial brain, and mine was just as good. We were good at team work. It was supremely exciting. She was an excellent companion and I think I made her happy. I was genuinely sorry when she died. The queer thing was that Gerda and I grew to enjoy the secret thrill of our meetings."

"We had all sorts of ingenious devices. She was an actress by nature. She had a repertoire of seven or eight characters — Mrs. Albert Chapman was only one of them. She was an American widow in Paris. I met her there when I went over on business. She used to go to Norway as an artist. I went there for the fishing. Then, later, I passed her off as my cousin, Helen Montresor. It was great fun for us both, and it kept romance alive. I suppose," he sighed slightly.

"We could have married officially after Rebecca died—but we didn't want to. Gerda would have found it hard to live my official life and, of course, something from the past might have been raked up, but I think the real reason we went on more or less the same was that we enjoyed the secrecy of it. We should have found open domesticity dull."

Blunt paused. He said, and his voice changed and hardened: "Then that fool of a woman messed up

everything. Recognising me—after all those years! And she told Amberiotis. You see—you must see—that something had to be done! It wasn't only myself—not only the selfish point of view. If I was ruined and disgraced—the country, my country was hit as well. For I've done something for England, M. Poirot."

A note of triumph came into his voice as he went on: "I've held England firm and kept it solvent. I don't really care for money as money. I do like power—I like to rule—but I don't want to tyrannise. We are democratic in England — truly democratic. We can grumble and say what we think and laugh at our politicians. We're free. I care for all that—it's been my life work. But if I went—well, you know what would probably happen."

He brought his fist down vehemently on the desk. "Something had to be done. Gerda saw it, too. We were sorry about the Sainsbury Seale woman—but we simply had to alienate her. Gerda asked her to tea, told her to ask for Mrs. Chapman, said she was staying in Mr. Chapman's flat, Mabelle Sainsbury Seale came, quite unsuspecting. She never knew anything—the midwife was in the tea—it's quite painless. You just sleep and don't wake up."

"The face business was done afterwards—rather sickening, but we felt it was necessary. Mrs. Chapman was to exit for good. I had given my 'cousin' Helen a cottage to live in."

"We decided that after a while we would get married. But first we had to get Amberiotis out of the way. It worked beautifully. He hadn't a suspicion that I wasn't a real dentist. I did my stuff with the hand-picks rather well. I didn't risk the drill. Of course, after the injection he couldn't feel what I was doing. Probably just as well!"

"The pistols?" Poirot asked. "Actually they belonged to a secretary I once had in America. He bought them abroad somewhere. When he left he forgot to take them."

There was a pause. Then Alistair Blunt asked: "Is there anything else you want to know?"

"What about Morley?" Poirot asked.

Alistair Blunt said simply, "I was sorry about Morley."

Hercule Poirot said, "Yes, I see."

There was a long pause, then Blunt said: "Well, M. Poirot, what about it?"

"Helen Montresor is arrested already."

"And now it's my turn?"

"That was my meaning, yes."

"But you are not happy about it, eh?" Blunt said gently.

"No, I am not at all happy."

"I've killed three people," Blunt said, "so presumably I ought to be hanged. But you've heard my defence."

"Which is—exactly?"

"That I believe, with all my heart and soul, that I am necessary to the continued peace and well-being of this country."

"That may be—yes," Poirot allowed.

"You agree, don't you?"

"I agree, yes. You stand for all the things that to my mind are important. For sanity and balance and stability and honest dealing."

Alistair Blunt said quietly, "Thanks." He added, "Well, what about it?"

"You suggest that I—retire from the case?"

"Yes."

"And your wife?"

"I've got a good deal of pull. Mistaken identity, that's the line to take."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then," said Alistair Blunt simply, "I'm for it. It's in your hands, Poirot. It's up to you. But I tell you this—and it's not just self-preservation—I'm needed in the world. And do you know why? Because I'm an honest man. And because I've got commonsense—and no particular axe of my own to grind."

Poirot nodded. Strangely enough, he beltered all that.

"Yes, that is one side," he said. "You are the right man in the right place. You have sanity, judgment, balance. But there is the other side. Three human beings who are

A LISTAIR BLUNT

shrugged impatiently. "Yes, but think of them! Mabelle Sainsbury Seale—you said yourself—a woman with the brains of a hen! Amberiotis—a crook and a blackmailer!"

"And Morley?"

"I've told you before. I'm sorry about Morley. But, after all—he was a decent fellow and a good dentist—but there are other dentists."

"Yes," said Poirot, "there are other dentists. And Frank Carter? You would have let him die, too."

"I don't waste any pity on him," Blunt said brusquely. "He's no good. An utter rotter."

"But a human being..."

"Oh, well, we're all human beings..."

"Yes, we are all human beings. That is what you have not remembered. You have said that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was a foolish human being and Amberiotis an evil one, and Frank Carter a wastrel—and Morley—Morley was only a dentist and there are other dentists. That is where you and I, M. Blunt, do not see alike. For to me the lives of those four people are just as important as your life."

"You're wrong."

"No, I am not wrong. You are a man of great natural honesty and rectitude. You took one step aside—and outwardly it has not affected you. Publicly you have continued the same—upright, trustworthy, honest. But within you the love of power grew to overwhelming heights. So you sacrificed four human lives and thought them of no account."

"Don't you realise, Poirot, that the safety and happiness of the whole nation depends on me?"

"I am not concerned with nations, Monsieur. I am concerned with the lives of private individuals who have the right not to have their lives taken from them." He got up.

"So that's your answer?" said Alistair Blunt.

"Yes—that is my answer."

Hercule Poirot said in a tired voice. He went to the door and opened it. Two men came in.

Hercule Poirot went down to where a girl was waiting. Jane Olivera, her face white and strained, was half-kneeling on a chair. Beside her stood Howard Raikes.

"Well?" Jane asked.

"It is all over," Poirot said tiredly. "Mr. Alistair Blunt has been arrested for murder."

Raikes said: "I thought he'd buy you off..."

"No. I never thought that," Jane said.

Poirot sighed. He said: "The world is yours. The New Heaven and the New Earth. In your new world, my children, let there be freedom and let there be pity..."

That is all I ask."

Hercule Poirot walked home along the deserted streets. An unobtrusive figure joined him.

"Well?" said Mr. Barnes.

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

"What line did he take?" Barnes asked.

"He admitted everything and pleaded justification. He said that his country needed him."

"So it does," said Mr. Barnes. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then—"

"We may be wrong," said Hercule Poirot.

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Barnes. "So we may."

They walked on a little farther, then Barnes said: "I take the tube here. Good-night, Poirot." He paused, then said awkwardly: "You know—there's something I'd like to tell you."

"Yes?"

"Feel I owe it to you. Led you astray unintentionally. Fact of the matter is, Albert Chapman, Q.X.911."

"Yes?"

"I'm Albert Chapman. That's partly why I was so interested. I knew, you see, that I'd never had a wife." He hurried away, chuckling.

Poirot stood stock still. Then his eyes opened, his eyebrows rose.

He said to himself: "Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty—"

And went home.

(Copyright)

## Show-down at the show!





# WOOL jersey wardrobe...

Great designers instinctively understand the versatility

of wool jersey. They utilize its fluid softness to

fashion dresses that follow the lines of the figure or

fall into sculptured folds. They know, too, that

jersey allies elegance with an extraordinary capacity

for service, for they use its firm-textured

creaseless weave for the hardest-working suits

and frocks. In wool jersey they have found the

fabric that responds to every demand. From

casual clothes to formal evening wear...

wool jersey snares fashion's spotlight!



- Swathed and draped, wool jersey makes the newest, most flattering headwear seen in many a long day—or night!



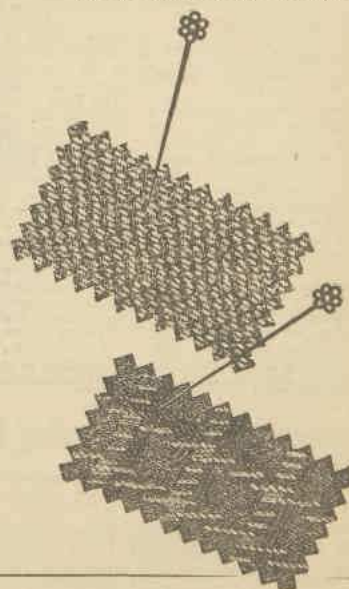
- The perennially useful blouse takes on new fashion interest when it is made of wool jersey. A handful in brilliant colours will highlight your tailored suit. And remember, wool jersey needs no ironing.



- Here is the "little dress" that is so marvellously adaptable! Fashioned in wool jersey, it will keep its good looks. You can put it on, knowing that it will fall into eye-pleasing lines.



- Elegant in supple wool jersey! Figure-moulding and classically draped—a gown that triumphantly demonstrates the easy-flowing quality of pure wool jersey.



- The new season wool jerseys present a galaxy of plain tones and a diversity of patterns. We illustrate one in a muted green woven with white... and another in a bold design of vibrant red, yellow and russet cross-hatched with white.

... and every yard is coupon-free.

Issued by The Australian Wool Board



# BLUE by then

## Continuing... My Wife, My Wife

## AT once, Ise had

from page 5

felt that in the past he had considerably underrated the blessings of quiet, ordered domesticity. He did, in fact, make just that observation to Ise when she came into the living-room before dinner on New Year's night—a special dinner to celebrate their engagement.

"What's more," Blue added, tasting his cocktail, "you're the one woman I know who can take gin and vermouth and produce a coherent result."

"They do not always turn out so coherent," admitted Ise. "Perhaps it may be that women have not the instinct for Martinis."

"Martinis need a sense of proportion, and that's what most women lack. Take Marina, for example; she had an absolutely cockeyed sense of proportion, and she made the worst Martinis I've ever tasted. Let's have another, shall we?"

"Then I had think you had better make it. Maybe this time I have a misfortune and reveal me cockeyed. Make some for our guests, too. They arrive soon, and it will save a bother."

"Who's coming?" asked Blue.

"They are strangers," said Ise. "Six refugees. I am working with the Ackerson committee, you understand, and these poor people are just landed, and it is not very happy for them on New Year's Night."

"No," said Blue glumly.

"But I knew you would not be wishing to hear any griefs to-night when we celebrate together, and I arrange they go to a concert. They are only for dinner. That's not so bad, eh?"

Blue's face cleared. "Not bad at all," he agreed.

He was fixing the drinks when he heard the guests arrive, and, before going to greet them, decided to sample his handiwork. Finding it good, he decided that another whack would do him no harm, and was in the act of refilling his glass when—

"Oh, ho! Sneaking nip!" a voice said jauntily at his elbow. And, as Blue's glass overflowed, "I do think you might give me a drink instead of just standing there sizzling it about."

Blue was staring at her in a complete daze. His lips formed the word "Marina," but no sound emerged.

"You'd better drink up," she advised him, helping herself to a cocktail. "You're as white as a great starting, silly, nannyscot."

"You—you're supposed to be dead," faltered Blue.

"Well, I'm not," said Marina.

"Isn't it nice?"

Blue set the jug down with a crash.

"I can't seem to believe this is happening," he said in a wobbly voice.

"I thought it would give you a turn," remarked Marina. She touched his hand. "See, I'm quite real. I were a writh, I expect I'd feel like a breath of rather mouldy fog; and if I were ectoplasm I'd have to come slithering out of somebody's ear. And, anyway," she concluded, brandishing her empty glass under his nose, "who mixed that poisonous Martini?"

Blue's response was sheer reflex. "What's the matter with that Martini?" he demanded belligerently.

"Everything but the olive," said Marina. "I don't know why it is, but your cocktails always taste like

weed killer. I should recognise them anywhere."

"Oh, is that so? A lot you—

Marina, where have you been?"

"And well you may ask," said Marina. "But not until I've been fed I hope dinner's soon. I'm ravenous."

"Dinner?" stammered Blue.

"But—but we've got guests."

"I know," said Marina. "I'm one of them."

Blue slumped weakly. "You mean Ise invited you here?"

"Ise?" repeated Marina uncomprehendingly. Then her eyes narrowed. "Oh," she said. "Is that what you call her?"

"It's her name."

"It is, is it? Well, there's a name for you, too," Marina said darkly. "You—would-be bigamist."

Blue buried his face in his hands.

"Don't, Marina," he said hoarsely. "Please, just let me get organized."

"How long will that take?" she inquired.

"The rest of my life, probably."

"You may have until after dinner. In the meanwhile, my name is Rosette Pichgorou, and I'm a French refugee, a starving one."

"A refugee? Ise thinks you're a refugee?"

"Ees so sharming of zat good Mademoiselle Reinert to 'ave pity on la pauvre petite Pichgorou," hissed Marina. "We make the New Year's feast togozair, no, M'sieu Haddams?"

Blue shuddered. "I can't take it!" he moaned.

"You'll jolly well have to take it, my lamb," asserted Marina. She picked up the tray of cocktails. "I 'alp to carree," she announced picturesquely, and, as Blue followed along with a dazed air, "I think this is going to be rather fun."

Shortly before it was time for the refugee guests to leave, Blue manoeuvred Ise to one side. Mademoiselle Pichgorou wasn't feeling well, he told her, and had asked him to see her home.

Ise looked puzzled. "She is in?" But at dinner she was every minute laughing. I think there is no reason for you to disturb yourself. I will—

"The fact of the matter is," said Blue hurriedly, "Mademoiselle Pichgorou's got something on her mind she wants to talk to me about. An—idea for a story."

"But then why don't you stay here? That is more comfortable, don't you think? And perhaps I go to the concert. There is now an extra ticket." She smiled at him.

"You know how I would be feeling guilty to waste it."

When Blue returned to the living-room, he placed himself in front of the mantel in a commanding attitude and cleared his throat noisily several times, but not until he stalked over to the sofa and stood looking down at her did Marina acknowledge his presence.

"Do you know, I believe you've developed a tummy."

"That's a lie!" said Blue indignantly, whipping open his jacket.

"See there! Flat as a pancake."

"You're holding in," said Marina. "I am nothing of the kind!"

He began to pound himself vigor-

ously on the abdomen, desisting only when Marina broke into peals of laughter.

"Don't stop," she begged. "You look exactly like a penguin."

Blue picked up a newspaper. "When you feel like talking sense," he said coldly, "let me know."

"But I think penguins are heavenly! Especially the ones in the Regent's Park Zoo. When I was little I used to be taken to feed them penny buns."

"And I suppose," sneered Blue, "you gave the tigers oats, and the elephants cheese, and the ostriches fruit compote?"

"No," said Marina, "they all got buns. I even fed you a bun once," she added pensively.

"I must say, Marina," began Blue crossly, "you've got—"

And then, because Marina was looking straight up at him, "You've got the bluest eyes."

"They're no bluer than they were," said Marina; "only you're used to green ones."

"Green ones?"

"Ile's are green. Hadn't you noticed?"

"I really don't see the need to discuss my—to discuss Ise," he said

interesting, really. I remember the poplar leaves shining in the sunlight, and the man in front of me was carrying a little girl with a smear of chocolate on her face. And the plants were very low, but the bombs seemed to fall so slowly. And that's all I do remember, because the next instant my skull was fractured. And when I was well again, I didn't know who I was and neither did anyone else. Things get very mixed up when there's a bombing."

"Go on," said Blue.

"That's all there is to tell," said Marina. "Except that about six months ago I finally realised who I was, and it's taken me ever since to get out of France and to an Allied country. I didn't in the least want to come to America, but one doesn't have much choice."

"All there is to tell! Have you talked to any reporters?"

"Oh, yes, dozens," said Marina.

"I should have thought," said Blue, "that you might have had the decency to give your own husband first crack."

"Why?" asked Marina. "Would it be a scoop?"

"Are you kidding? Two years in Nazi-occupied France; the story of civilian conditions there now; your escape—"

"But I haven't told any one any of that. You asked me if I'd talked to reporters, and I have, lots of times, about hats, and whether I was going to Scotland or Cannes in August, but, of course, that was before the war. And so, if you really want to—"

"Want to!" said Blue. He grasped her by the wrist and pulled her up. "You come with me," he said.

When Ise returned from the concert she heard the clack of the typewriter in Blue's study and, assuming that their guest had departed, was, therefore, more than a little taken aback to find Mademoiselle Pichgorou in her bathrobe, soaking luxuriously while she manicured her nails.

But Mademoiselle Pichgorou seemed in no way discomposed. She explained that M'sieu Haddams had interviewed her—"I am—'Ow you say?—'ot copy"—and after the interview she was "completely exhausted," and M'sieu Haddams had given her permission to refresh herself while he wrote up the notes he had taken.

She was adding a few polite words in praise of American plumbing when Blue burst into the bathroom.

"Did you say it was at Lyons you—"

he began excitedly, and then, perceiving Ise, "Oh, hello, dear. How was the concert? Did you say Lyons or—"

As Blue's brain finally registered the implications of the amaranth on Ise's face, he stood frozen, his mouth open, his eyes rolling wildly. The pregnant silence which ensued was shattered by a strangled noise and a great splash as Marina, unable to contain herself, rocked back and forth in a paroxysm of laughter. Blue, beside himself with rage, seized the opportunity to push her head under water, and, despite her struggles, held it there.

"Let her go! You will kill her!" cried Ise.

"Don't be silly!" panted Blue. "Nothing could kill her!"

Even as he spoke, Marina wriggled out of his clutches and bobbed up spluttering, still sufficiently in command of the situation to catch him a sharp clip with a long-handled bath-brush.

Blue, in attempting to dodge, slipped on the wet tiles, and landed on his nose, which began to bleed violently.



"Thank goodness that's over for another week."

"I don't either," said Marina amiably.

Blue thought a moment. "Ise has had a very tragic life," he said at last.

"Her husband was shot and all their property confiscated, and Ise herself was weeks in a concentration camp. She was starving to death in a miserable little attic in Lisbon when I came into the picture."

"The prince chap," murmured Marina.

"Really, Marina," exploded Blue, "are you so utterly shallow and trifling and self-centered that you can't realise—"

"Little man, little man," chided Marina, "where do you think I have been for the last two and a half years? At the Ritz?"

Blue's jaw dropped. He flushed scarlet from ear to ear.

"I forgot," he gulped. "I mean what with one thing and another—and you—it's as if nothing had touched you. You—you aren't changed."

"That's because I've got such a strong character," boasted Marina. "I don't think anyone would ever dream I'd had a bomb dropped on me and all my hair shaved off and everything."

"Could you be a bit more circumstantial?" said Blue humbly.

"Why, I expect it was done with a razor," said Marina. "I was unconscious at the time, or I would never have permitted it."

"No," Blue said, "I meant about the bomb."

"Oh," said Marina. "That was on a road outside Paris. It isn't very

knelt down beside Blue and was restraining his efforts to rise. "Lie still!" she commanded. "Put your arms above your head—so." She turned to Marina, who was peering over the edge of the tub, fascinated. "Will you please to get some ice?" And, as Marina rose, dripping, "There are some towels behind you."

Ise looked from Blue, stretched out with a compress on his nose, to Marina, who, clad at last in a large towel, was sitting on the edge of the bed swinging her legs. Thus attired, she no longer resembled an amok nymph, but a naughty and singularly winsome four-year-old.

"And now," said Ise quietly, "perhaps you will tell me how it is I come home to find two crazy people."

"It's my fault," said Blue miserably. "I should have introduced you sooner. Ise, this is Marina."

"Marina?"

"His wife that was killed in the war," said Marina helpfully.

"I think now maybe we are all three crazy," said Ise after a moment.

Blue flung away the compress and sat up.

"No," he said, "we aren't quite crazy yet, and we won't be if we all just keep calm and—"

"Look 'oo's talking!" jeered Marina.

"You hush!" snapped Blue. "What it amounts to," he told Ise, "is that we've got to postpone our marriage until Marina and I are divorced."

"Until you and I are what?" demanded Marina.

"Divorced. D-I-V-O—"

"But I don't want a divorce, thank you very much."

"Now look here, Marina, just because you're alive doesn't alter the fact that we agreed on a divorce in Istanbul!"

"Pooh," said Marina. "And we agreed on divorces in Prague and Paris and Athens and Stockholm and Moscow and Naples and Bucharest and Seville and Vienna and—"

"Vienna?" said Ise.

"Yes, Vienna," said Marina defiantly, glaring at her.

"Ise is from Vienna," Blue hastened to explain.

"Oh, really? One of my aunts was born there. I think her name was Ansengruber—Luise Ansengruber. Did you ever happen to—but, of course, you wouldn't have. She's awfully old, and she married Uncle Henry when she was a mere child."

"But I interrupted you," said Ise. "You were saying?"

"Oh, I was finished, except for Rotterdam," said Marina.

"Istanbul was different," insisted Blue. "I distinctly remember that you said your Uncle John was going to take—"

"Uncle John has no relation to Uncle Henry," Marina informed Ise. "Uncle Henry is my mother's brother. She had nine altogether, but I believe not more than a half-dozen survived infancy."

"Your family must be very happy that you are restored to them," said Ise.

"I'm not, yet," said Marina. "I'm planning to surprise them the way I surprised Blue." She giggled. "He swooned into a great pool of Martinis and shivered and shook for hours."

"That's a complete—"

"Perhaps he thought you were a spirit," said Ise quickly.

"Oh, if I'd been dead, I should have haunted him long ago," said Marina. She looked at Blue. "Did you put up a tablet or a memorial window or anything?" And when he shook his head, "Not even a nasty little bronze plaque with my name and age and a sentiment?"

"I'd know better another time," growled Blue malevolently.

Please turn to page 31

### For You—The Secret of being Beautiful

Beauty is not just a matter of possessing perfect features, says beauty expert Jean Cleland. It's a matter of making the most of yourself... your face... your figure... your whole personality. And in her fascinating beauty book, "Be Beautiful", Jean Cleland tells you how to go about it.

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### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

By TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 12, 1947



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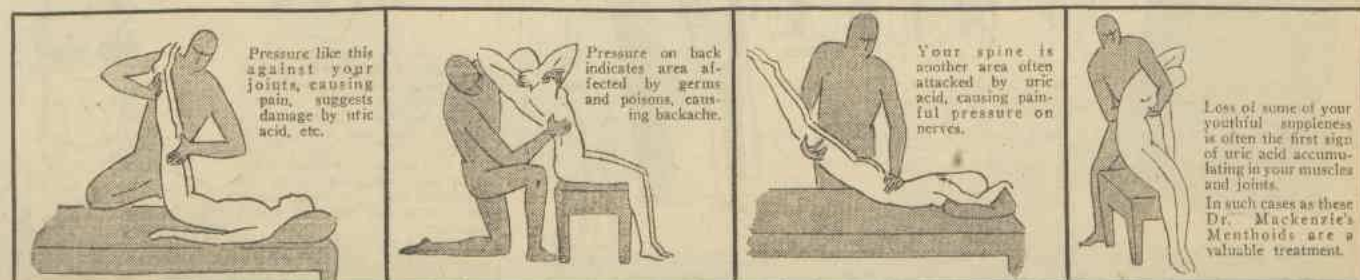
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## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "MARIE AND JESSICA"

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"Marie." The blouse is made in a good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in lovely colors of pale pink, sky-blue, oil-green, and chalk-white.

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"Jessica." The skirt is available in staple fibre in shades of navy, nigger, dark sage, and teal-blue, each with fine vertical stripes of fawn and white. Features two knife-pleats in front; two pockets.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 36 to 38in. hips, 52/8 (7 coupons); 40, 42 and 44in. hips, 56/11 (7 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

## Fashion PATTERNS

F4620.—The most useful frock in your wardrobe for wearing to town, for travelling, for business. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

N.B. When ordering "Morna," "Joan," "Jessica," or "Marie," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

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"Joan." The skirt is made in a fibre spun in shades of navy, nigger, dark sage, and teal-blue; has two box-pleats in front; inverted pleat at centre-back.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 36 to 38in. hips, 57/8 (7 coupons); 40, 42 and 44in. hips, 59/11 (7 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36 to 38in. hips, 59/11 (7 coupons); 40, 42 and 44in. hips, 62/11 (7 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

F4624

F4625

F4621.—Just the coat for all little boys, for it is tailored and so handsome to wear. Pattern may be obtained for either of the two styles; see inset. Sizes 6 to 8, 8 to 10, 10 to 12 years. Requires 2 yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

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F4623.—For stepping out to dine on wintry days, wear this cosy frock. It features the drop shoulder. Pattern may be obtained for either long or short

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F4625.—And here's the super little trio for the bride's trousseau, comprising slip, scanties, and adorable nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide for slip, 1 yd. 36in. wide for scanties, and 4 yds. 36in. wide and 1 yd. lace for nightgown. Pattern, 2/8.

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## CHILDREN'S SHOES

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"Well, what do you think of their place?"

## My Wife, My Wife

**R**AISING one eyebrow haughtily, Marina said, "Not you! You'll rush right out and marry the first woman you meet!"

"Marina!" said Blue in a terrible voice. "Apologise to Ise immediately or I'll beat the—"

"Be silent!" said Ise severely. "I think we leave you until you have more command of yourself." She looked at Marina. "Perhaps a glass of wine—"

Leaving Blue to himself, they repaired to the living-room, where Ise poured two drinks.

"Your good health," said Ise.

"Health," repeated Marina, clinking glasses absently. "I do hope you weren't taken by Blue's roaring and raving. Actually, you know, he would much rather be my husband than—than anyone else's."

"You were very happy together?" said Ise suavely.

"Oh, dear, no! We fought like wild beasts from morning till night."

"But how is that possible?"

"Because Blue has such a jealous nature," said Marina with satisfaction, "and because he fell in love with me the moment he saw me so, naturally, he thinks that's how I affect every other man."

"This jealousy must be very terrible for you," said Ise with a sympathetic air.

"Oh, I encourage it," said Marina. "It keeps him on his toes."

Ise put down her glass.

"Forgive me," she said deliberately, "but I find you a very stupid girl." And as Marina turned pale with rage, "It is not very amusing to me, you understand, to say insults to someone who has come as a guest—"

"And I don't intend to listen to them!"

"It is wiser if you do. Otherwise"—Ise hesitated—"otherwise I do not think you will find it so easy to persuade Blue that he has no obligation to me."

"Rot! He's got a much greater obligation to me!"

"But you have a homeland and a family with many uncles," said Ise, "while I—"

She shrugged eloquently. "And Blue has a such noble heart."

"So that's your game!" accused Marina. "You're going to throw yourself on his mercy and harrow his feelings, and—appeal to his better nature. I didn't think anyone could stoop to such a shabby trick!"

"I am owing to Blue everything in the world," said Ise. "I would stoop even more low to save him from pain and humiliation."

"Pain and humiliation!"

"It is very painful to be jealous," said Ise impressively. "It is very humiliating to have all the time quarrels. And I say you are stupid because you cultivate this jealousy, you permit these quarrels. You imagine that it gives your life importance when there are always scenes; you see yourself as the heroine of a play; you want every moment some situation of the theatre."

"So you keep creating artificial excitement and miss altogether the significance of your role as a wife. Marriage is a drama, yes, but you make it a vulgar, empty little farce."

Marina stared at her like a hypnotised chicken. "But—but Blue adores me!" she protested frantically. "He can't live without me! He's said so often!"

"It is possible he loves you," conceded Ise, "but he has certainly

discovered that he can live without you."

"But I can't live without him!" wailed Marina, bursting into tears.

"What am I going to do? What am I going to do?"

Blue swung around with a start when Ise came into the bedroom. "What have you done with—I mean where's Marina?" he blurted nervously.

"Scrambling eggs," replied Ise. "Marina's never scrambled an egg in her life," said Blue.

"She has, perhaps, acquired some accomplishments since you last saw her," observed Ise.

Blue looked at the carpet. "I keep forgetting," he said. "She's had some pretty bad experiences."

"But her worst experience was not, I think, in France."

"I might have known that!" snorted Blue. "You two dames have been picking me to pieces for the last hour. I didn't think that of you, Ise," he added reproachfully, "but I guess women are all alike."

"That is quite true," said Ise, "and that is why I know so well how Marina feels."

"All right, so how does she feel?"

"Heartbroken. But perhaps in time she will forgive you."

"Forgive me for what, may I ask?"

"For your failure as a husband."

"My failure as a—"

"Did you give her a home? Did you give her children? Did you give her your trust and respect?"

"But Marina didn't want a home and children!"

"You are so sure?"

"Well, the point never came up, but if she had she would have said so. And besides, how could we have a home and children when we were always travelling around?"

"But there was no need for her to travel with you. In such cases, the wife stays behind to make the home."

"Not Marina! Why, if I didn't keep my eye on her every minute she'd be up to some hanky-panky with the first—"

"So!" cut in Ise. "From your own lips you convict yourself. You have made the marriage promises to this poor girl, but see how you have kept them. You have sworn to honor her, and you have constantly dishonored her with your suspicions. You have sworn to cherish her, and you have treated her like a plaything; you have dragged her around Europe as if she were a caravan of gipsies. And yet," she concluded scathingly, "I suppose you will have the effrontery to say to me that you love her!"

"But I do! I've loved her ever since—"

Ise turned away. "That is what I was wanting to make sure," she said, "and now I think you must tell it to Marina."

"But—but it isn't so simple as that!" protested Blue. "I mean you've—we've—"

"Please," said Ise, smiling, "let us not be making a mountain from mole's hills. You think perhaps I am upset to have been living in—what do you say?—a fool's paradise. But, my dear friend, I am so very happy to be living at all!"

Ise was just dropping off to sleep when there was a commotion at the door, and Marina popped her head in.

"I'm frightfully sorry to bother you," she said breathlessly, "but would you mind awfully telling me again how you stop a noobled?"

(Copyright)

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 12, 1947

**C**HAM TAI shook his head, and said grimly, "That cannot be. It is Mai-an who has made this puzzle knot, and it is she who must unravel it. Your fate, Yuan Kee, I will place in Mai-an's hands. It is she who will decide whether you are to have life—or death!"

They stared at him, puzzled, bewildered. Then Cham Tai went into his tent and returned with a stoppered gourd.

"Hearken!" he said. "We three are alone in this desolate place, without any hope of rescue. When I sent my men away, I kept aside this one small gourd of water. With care, it will sustain one man long enough to reach the caravan trail. You, Mai-an, must choose who that man is to be. If you give this gourd to Yuan Kee, he will depart, and I, your husband, will remain here with you to await death by thirst. If you give the gourd to me, I will depart, and Yuan Kee will remain with you to die. Wahl! I have spoken!"

Tears raining down her face, Mai-an stood rooted, speechless, staring at the gourd in his hands as though it were a coiled snake.

"Think well, Mai-an!" Cham Tai admonished her harshly. "You hold the power of life or death in your choice. But I do not press you to answer at once. Go into your tent and meditate upon what you will do. Yuan Kee and I will wait until the hour of the setting sun for your decision."

Mai-an opened her lips to plead, but at the frozen look in Cham's eyes she turned helplessly and vanished into her tent. Cham Tai sought the shadow of a near-by rock and seated himself, silent, impassive, smoking his bamboo pipe.

Yuan Kee had finally flung himself down on the ground, his face

buried on outstretched arms. Nothing moved in the drowsy silence of the parched valley save the slowly creeping shadows.

Finally, as the great brazen wheel touched the rim of the distant mountains, Yuan Kee raised his head and sprang to his feet.

"It is the hour of decision!" he shouted hoarsely. "Mai-an, come forth!"

Mai-an did not answer, and Yuan Kee shouted again. Then Cham Tai stood up. He walked to the tent and threw open the flaps at the entrance.

The tent was empty! "Hail! She has gone!" Yuan cried out. "Mai-an has fled! Behold—here is where she lifted the back cloth and crept out! She is gone, Cham Tai! Here are the prints of her sandals in the sand—"

"Aye, I watched her creeping off long since," Cham Tai announced calmly. "And mark this—she has taken the water gourd! It seems that Mai-an's choice was to save herself!"

Yuan Kee turned to the other man with a stricken look.

"You watched her go—and leave us here to perish?" he exclaimed. "You let her purchase life for herself at the cost of both our deaths?"

Cham Tai gave a dry smile.

"It is evident, Yuan Kee," he said, "that Mai-an loves herself above any man, young or old—a truth that has been proven to me on several previous occasions. But do not fear. We shall not perish of thirst, as Mai-an believes. The men I sent away have my orders to return within two days!"

## The Puzzle Knot

Continued from page 7

Yuan Kee stared at Cham. "Then—then you knew that Mai-an would prove unworthy of—an honorable choice!"

"Aye—I counted upon it," Cham Tai announced simply.

Yuan Kee bowed humbly.

"Cham Tai," he said, "I stand before you humbled and shamed beyond measure, that I have shared this unworthiness. Whatever punishment you—"

But Cham Tai shook his head. "I see no need to punish you. You will punish yourself—remembering how you offered up your own life for that of Mai-an, and the manner of her repayment to you. Tsai! You are yet young in years, and wisdom of the heart comes as slowly as wisdom of the head."

"I, too," he continued, "had to learn the difference between polished brass and true gold. He! He! Two short days of thirst is a trifling price to pay for the proper solving of a puzzle knot!"

Then Cham Tai nodded, smiling wisely.

"And now, Yuan Kee, while we are waiting for the men to return, let us start to work. We will open the first of these Han tombs and see what ancient treasures await us. There is not a village in the province that does not boast at least one woman as young and beautiful as Mai-an; but the discovery of a Han tomb—by Tao, that comes to a man but once in a lifetime."

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All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## TRANSPORT GOT POOR EDGAR DOWN — THIS IS HOW HE RODE TO TOWN!



2. So from this risk to life and limb A bike, he felt, would rescue him



3. But still his troubles did not cease... He found that bikes meant dirt and grease



4. Such grime no other soap can move... And Edgar's boss did not approve!



5. His job was tottering—almost gone—When SOLVOL, Edgar chanced upon



6. And now the firm's ambitious plans Are resting in his well-groomed hands!

**SOLVOL SHIFTS GRIME FASTER**

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Page 21



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# YOUR GOOD LOOKS ... By Carolyn Earle

## Our beauty expert helps with readers' problems

Such a mail has resulted from my offer to help straighten out the personal appearance bothers of you beauty-conscious readers!

I'm so sorry it's not possible to answer each letter individually, so I'm doing the next best thing, and selecting problems which a number of you have in common.

**T**HIS week the line-up includes figure faults, super-sensitive skin, fractious finger-nails—and a pertinent post-script.

**Q**—I would be very obliged if you could tell me a way to stop me biting my finger-nails. Even when they get a nice size they crack and break off easily.—*J.H.T.*

**A**—Habit is one of the strongest influences in our lives, and it can work either for or against us. Nail-biting, picking, scratching, and peeling polish are all habits that must be controlled. Nail-biters might well check their diet to see that more calcium and Vitamin B foods are taken; the same thing holds good for those who may have nails that peel, break off, are too thin, or split. Look to eating habits.

Outside of that here are a couple of tricks that might help: (a) Slip on a pair of loose gloves when reading, relaxing, and before going to bed; (b) Manicure hands regularly and use some sort of polish, even if there is only a vestige of nail to work on; (c) Urge family and friends to speak sharply whenever they catch you nibbling at your fingers. Finally, apply willpower vigorously.

**Q**—I am very fair, and my skin is very soft and tender. Hot winds blister my lips and I suffer quite a bit from a rash of pimples on my chin and forehead.—*Worried Blue Eyes*

**A**—Supersensitive skin, and this includes lip skin, too, needs nourishing and protecting from sun and wind, plus spot-treatment for chin and forehead areas. Basic hints:

- Use only the blandest soap you can find.
- If washing water is not soft, don't use water at all—clean your skin with complexion milk or cold cream applied with a wad of cotton-wool wrung out in water.
- Always use lukewarm water.
- Try not to wash immediately before going out or after returning from outside.
- Don't expose your skin needlessly to winds or direct heat (including sunlight, open fires, and radiated heat).
- For your lips buy the creamiest lipstick you can find, and give them a bit of lubrication by applying a lip ointment, such as this home-made one—*lox, rose water, tea witch hazel, lox, glycerine*, and a few drops of mineral oil.
- Pimples and rashes usually arise from an overheated blood condition, in which case internal remedies are best. Local treatment involves clinical cleanliness, keeping grease of all sorts away from the spots, keeping the fingers away from the skin, dabbing the spots several times in the day with a good antiseptic lotion, and at bedtime covering the whole area thickly with something like antiseptic calamine lotion.
- While the condition remains, a few professional facial treatments are most beneficial if it is possible. Expert treatment will make the skin function much more quickly than you can hope to do.

For all but the pimply area, this is the routine.

**NIGHT**—Smooth on cleansing or cold cream, remove with lukewarm, soapy water applied with a soft facecloth. Rinse well in cold water. Follow with a nourishing cream, finger-printing it until only

a film remains; this can remain on all night for, say, ten nights, then alternate by leaving the skin free of all cream every second night.

**EACH MORNING**—A thorough lukewarm water wash—use no soap. Just the facecloth or your hands. Pat dry and give a few light massage movements to stir up circulation.

Make-up begins with a protective, creamy foundation for protection and nourishment, still continuing with the antiseptic lotion on the rash area until the condition clears.



If you would like my advice on your beauty problems, write to me. The address is at the top of page 9.

CAROLYN EARLE.

**Q**—I wonder if you could help me with my problems. I have thin legs and would do anything possible to try and improve them.—*P.H.*

**A**—Muscle-contracting and building exercises are needed to develop attractive contours for over-thin and spindly legs; three excellent antidotes are skipping, bicycling, and walking. In that order:

• Swing the rope forward over the head, skipping twice on the ball of the right foot as the rope slides under, then twice on the left foot. Repeat 2 right, 2 left, gradually increasing the number of skips.

• Sit astride a bicycle, back straight, shoulders square, abdomen drawn in and up; chest high for free breathing. Now pedal ahead, making leg muscles work. Try pedalling uphill on gentle ones to be sure those muscles do some real work.

• Walking is fine for legs that are either too fat or too thin. Just remember—flat heels give more exercise and better mileage.

You will surely be able to do at least two of the above outdoors—here is one for indoors:

**Position:** Stand facing and with hands touching a table or chair for balance. If necessary, or standing with hands on hips.

**Movement:** First rise right up on toes, then slowly come down with deep bend of knees, and slowly return to position. Don't sit on the heels, but use leg muscles. The slower you do it the better. Four times to start, gradually increasing to 12 times.

Remember to work into all leg exercises gradually, or you'll have, until the soreness leaves, two very good reasons for not exercising.

**Q**—What are the correct bust, waist, and hip measurements for age 20, height 5 ft. 11 in.—*E.H.*

**A**—Computed on the weight-height basis applying to a normal bone structure, these are the measurements:—Waist 24 in., bust 32 in., hips 32 in.

**Q**—I do not expect you to be able to give me a cure for my facial hairs, which my doctor says is an internal trouble and no external treatment will help, but is there any way to camouflage them?—*Troubled*

**A**—It is generally agreed in medical circles that this whole matter is tied up with certain gland imbalance, and research is continuing, in your place, I'd be inclined to try the wax treatment which I've mentioned before. You can either do it yourself or have it done in a salon, which is perhaps the better suggestion at the outset. The wax itself is not expensive. It comes in a small pan, is applied warm, allowed to set and dry, and is then whisked off, taking the hair along with it.

Portuguese treatments are usually sufficient, and it is sometimes found that regular wax use discourages the growth considerably.

**Q**—I am very flat-chested and would dearly like exercises to increase my bust measurement.—*J.C.*

**A**—Quite one of the best bust-developing exercises is swimming, so during our long summer get as much of it as you can; if you can't swim, here's a real incentive to learn. A workout with a medicine ball tossed about with full arm throws is helpful, too, and fits into the warm weather picture.

Otherwise, here is an excellent "swimming" exercise for home performance.

**Position:** Stand in good posture, feet about 16 in. apart, chest up, stomach held in, tail tucked under.

**Movement:** "Swim" the back-stroke, swinging alternate arms up, around and down in wide backward circles. Swing from the shoulders, slowly and rhythmically. Start with 12 counts, gradually increasing to 20, and later to 50. The up and back movement tones the shoulders and bust muscles.

Swing into this exercise, too:

**Position:** Stand erect, arms straight out in front of the body, shoulders level, palms together.

**Movement:** Forcefully separate the arms, swinging them out at sides and back around as far as possible. Later you should be able to touch the hands at the back. Ten counts to start, later 20.

**Q**—My age is 19, and I have a fair complexion and fair hair. My problem is that my skin looks dull and lifeless.—*Wondering*

**A**—When a fair complexion begins to look dull and lifeless at the grand old age of 19, it's time for a beauty tonic in the form of a few face packs to put the matter right.

Ready-prepared packs are easy to buy nowadays; be sure to follow the directions closely, and always apply to a clean, dry surface, spread evenly and thickly, leaving eyes and lips uncovered.

To make one at home, mix fuller's earth to a paste with a little warm milk, thoroughly soap-and-water wash your face, dry, and apply the paste, not too near the eyes, leave for 10 minutes. Remove with tepid towels, follow with cold water. Have three at ten-day intervals and notice the difference.

Check on general eating habits and exercise. Lack of skin tone often implies vitamin and mineral deficiencies, in addition to poor circulation. Choose any six exercises, and they might as well help the contour, too, so do briskly and steadily.

I'd also suggest you change your present foundation for a cream type temporarily. Switch back later if you want to, but a change seems to be indicated at this stage.

**Q**—My problem is a figure one; with the help of a little thyroid duff my weight is nearly back to normal, but in spite of doing every

tummy exercise I've ever read, unless I hold my breath, and hold it with an effort, I sag. Do you think there is any hope for me?—*Young Mother*

**A**—I know there is every hope for anyone willing to work as you apparently are. The daily thyroid intake is, of course, a matter for medical supervision, but performed correctly this is a really excellent exercise for the middle.

(1) Lie on the floor—bust it with your spine all the way from neck to spine-end. Draw both knees up to the chest, pulling in on abdominal muscles.

(2) Now, kick both legs straight up into the air, hard, pushing up by the heels to straighten the knees.

(3) Slowly lower both legs to floor, constantly pushing out on the heels to hold the knees taut as you do it. Hold those stomach muscles tight! Relax, breathe in deeply three times. Repeat six times to start.

**POSTSCRIPT**—To all those girls and women who say something like this: "My skin is slightly oily, and I find it hard to keep my make-up right after a couple of hours" ... have you ever given any thought to letting the shine come through, rather than trying to suede it down with one layer of powder after another until it cakes on thickly?

Of course, it's only attractively possible for the "slightly oily" and any suggestion of greasiness automatically cancels it out, but give it a trial—just put the usual make-up on in the morning and let it be; don't touch it again except to keep your lipstick bright and solid. It can look most becoming.

Gardener finds quick way to heal

## CUTS AND SCRATCHES



I'm chief gardener in our family and do quite a nice job, even if I do say so myself! And, like most gardeners, I consider cuts and scratches all in the day's work.



Last week I caught my hand on a blade of the lawnmower. "I'll give you some Rexona for that right away," my neighbour said. "You don't want any complications."



She convinced some Rexona into the cut—and also on a couple of scratches I'd collected while clipping the hedge. I felt its soothing effect immediately.



You see, my idea how quickly I healed! Now Rexona has a permanent place in our medicine cabinet. With my two ingers always in the work, I find Rexona a real blessing.

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P.9.34



# STAGE PEOPLE HAVE PET SUPERSTITIONS



**"NEVER USE** new grease-paint on a first night," Megs Jenkins advises, holding old stick used for Sydney opening of "The Late Christopher Bean."

★ Stage superstitions originating from individual quirks of leading actors and actresses of the past still hold sway in the theatre to-day.

Many stars, of course, have drawn up their own particular set of good luck or bad luck rules, to which they faithfully adhere on an opening night, just in case.

Megs Jenkins, Minerva star of "The Late Christopher Bean," has her lucky make-up box, her toy dogs which husband George Routledge gives her on her opening nights. Megs says she's never set much store by the old European superstition that "real flowers on a stage are unlucky." Now she's not so sure.

On her opening night at the Minerva, Sydney, Megs slipped and fell downstairs as she made her entrance. On the set was a bowl of real flowers. "Well, I'm blaming the flowers, anyway," laughs Megs.

Here Megs interprets a few of the lucky do's and don'ts of the theatre.

**TURNED DOWN** trunk of an elephant used as stage property is unlucky, thinks Megs, who also likes old make-up box as charm.



**TOY DOGS** are Megs' special luck emblems. Her husband, George Routledge, gives her one each opening night, so collection is mounting. Megs has live dachshund at home. Thinks all dogs lucky.

**WHISTLING** in dressing-room is unlucky; but spell can be broken if culprit goes outside room, turns round three times, and knocks on door once before entering again.



**SHOES ON CHAIR** in a star's dressing-room is claimed as bad luck omen. So are real flowers on the stage.

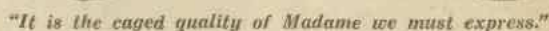


## By AINSLIE BAKER

On the walls are Pierre's photo-

"Not at all," I replied tartly, not caring in the least for the Gallie

"Really, Pierre," I said. "If you



"Mees Johnstone," Pierre said to his assistant, a willowy brunette in a very strange orchid satin dress, "accompany if you please madame."

Page 35



# A new Howard carries on tradition

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

People marvel at young Ronald Howard's amazing resemblance to his father, Leslie Howard.

Ronald, then a young Cambridge undergrad, wearing baggy trousers and a sheaf of curly blond hair, often used to come into the studio while his father was alive.

In those prewar days, laughing together, they looked like two coins of different mintage. Now young Ronald is a screen star in his own right.

There was no hard ladder for him to climb to stardom. Filmfodder seized him as soon as he was demobbed from the Navy, and rushed him to Denham for a test. It was good.

Ronald Howard had a contract almost before he knew whether he wanted one.

Now he is a new star with his first performance, a comedy role in the screen version of "While the Sun Shines," a great success, but Ronald is still wondering whether he ought to go back to writing.

For he finds some unenviable strings to this business of films.

You would see what I mean if you could visit his little flat in Earl's Court, where the most disconcerting ornament is an etching of a man whose beloved screen face charmed millions of cinema fans and whose death left a sadness, all mixed up with some very pleasant screen memories.

It is disconcerting because beside it stands his son Ronald, his living image, and the charm, gentle smile, wavy blond hair, and quiet voice are born again to us.

Against this similarity Ronald has to fight to print his own personality in celluloid.

At the premiere of his first film this week, people turned to each other and whispered, "Isn't he like his father?" but before "While the Sun Shines" had ended Ronnie had won acceptance in his role of a blue-blooded Jack Tar as Ronald Howard, not as "Leslie Howard's son."

## Policeman role

His performance in this led straight to his second leading role, as a commando who joins the police force and goes wrong, in "Night Beat," a film showing that the traditional "flatfoot" policeman is not so dumb.

From the puzzled way twenty-eight-year-old Ronald answers interviewers, it is clear that he cannot readjust his position from hunter to hunted.

He used to be a reporter himself on London's "Sunday Chronicle." He still likes to "scribble," and if you look at the winter issue of Penguin's "New Writing" you will find him there.

Those short stories are products of happy evenings after perspiring all day before the cameras and the



RECENT PICTURE of the late Leslie Howard shows the astonishing likeness between father and son. Leslie Howard's last film before his death was "First of the Few," in which he starred with David Niven.

eagle eye of his director, "Puffin" Asquith.

"If my writing seems a bit queer to you," he said with a shy grin, "you ought to see how I write it."

"When my inspiration runs thin I get up suddenly from the table and wander about a bit while the plot simmers in my head, then bob down on my hands and knees in front of the fire and wait for ideas."

"With my head well down over the pencil and paper, the blood rushes to my head, and with it come ideas."

If eccentricity connotes talent, the "Sunday Chronicle" lost a genius.

The second very disconcerting ornament in his flat is a set of plaster dentures that grin down from the mantelpiece at visitors.

"The curse of the Howards," explained Ronald.

"As each generation of Howards approaches man's estate their teeth begin to curl."

"My incisors vexed make-up experts so much they are having them fitted with caps so my screen smile will be a thing of flawless beauty."

The third disconcerting ornament in his flat is his lovely wife, see Jean Miller, of the W.R.N.S., who

presented us with a fleeting vision of a dark cloud of curly hair and a flashing smile as she popped her head round the door to answer a question.

"Darling," queried Ronald, "Bill wants to know how we met. How did we meet?"

She blushed. "Well, er, as a matter of fact, it was a blind date. You remember—your pal rang up Helena and said there were four lonely sailors ashore and could she do anything about it."

"Or was it you who rang up?" "Wasn't it you who had a crush on Helena first of all?"

Mr. Howard, grinning, denied this accusation hastily and turned to me. "You see, that's how it was."

"Jean was stationed in Ceylon and we were stooging round looking after landing craft."

"That blind date was a sort of lucky instinct. I only hope my accepting a film offer on the spot turns out to be half as lucky."

"I'll need a lot of that to persuade people to accept me as myself."

Judging by his first film, Ronald Howard has already achieved that, too.



HOWARD PROFILE is well in evidence as Ronald, son of the late Leslie Howard, helps his wife Jean set up house in their newly acquired Chelsea flat. Ronald is now a film star in his own right.

## Film Reviews

### ★★★ THE RAZOR'S EDGE

MAKING his first film since his discharge from the services, Tyrone Power has a timely change from his blood-and-thunder roles in Fox's version of W. Somerset Maugham's novel, in which he is cast as the striving mystic Larry, who spins the easy life in his search after perfection.

Casting is superb. Power's idealism is thoroughly believable, and Gene Tierney's acting as the beautiful, earthly Isabel is only overshadowed by Anne Baxter as Sophie, whose degradation ends in her becoming a hopeless dipsomaniac. Clifton Webb as the effete Elliot Templeton, and Elsa Lanchester as the kittenish Miss Keith also shine.

Herbert Marshall introduces a new technique in playing the author Maugham, starting off with commentary but later merging into the story without any of the awkwardness of the conventional first-person characterisation. Script and direction are good and general effect is most satisfying.—Regent; showing.

### ★★ THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

WITH a surfeit of sugar-coating in the way of technicolor, musical numbers, lavish period costumes, and rich Southern comedy, Fox have come forth again with that hackneyed old tale of three little country girls who set out to the big city to catch themselves millionaire husbands.

The three little girls this time are June Haver, Vivian Blaine, and Vera-Ellen, and after a lot of by-play in which two of the sisters pose as the rich sister's servants, they all get their men—George Montgomery, Frank Latimore, and Charles Smith, respectively. But there is plenty of opportunity for catchy numbers by Vera-Ellen before the hunt is finished.—Mayfair; showing.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★★ Average  
No stars — below average.

### ★★ THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

WHEN a Broadway columnist starts on a hunt for the murderer of an old priest friend, things are bound to happen. Columbia provides this situation in a thriller starring Lee Bowman and Marguerite Chapman, and the general result is exciting entertainment.

Identity of the real killer is well hidden. As usual, the columnist is far cleverer than the police. He unmasks the villain and gets himself a beautiful wife. Lee Bowman won't disappoint his fans, and lovely Marguerite Chapman acts attractively as a social debutante. George Macready and Edgar Buchanan are useful in heavy roles.—Empire; showing.

### EARL CARROLL SKETCHBOOK

SECOND in the annual Earl Carroll series for Republic, this ornate musical has little to offer in the way of acting or talent. Constance Moore, the leading lady, warbles her way through "I Was Silly, Headstrong and Impetuous," and a series of other sentimental numbers, interposed with dance routines by Johnny Coy and Dorothy Babb.

Plot, such as it is, concerns effort of struggling songwriter Tyler (William Marshall) to make good. He also sings, but it is doubtful if his crooning would ever sell any songs.—Capitol; showing.

GREEN GARSON seems quite serious about going ahead with writing her mother's life story, despite Nina Garson's modest protests.



ANN SHERIDAN and director Vincent Sherman seem to be a bit unhappy about the piano playing of Ann's co-star, Kent Smith. They are on the set of Warner Bros' production, "The Sentence."



AWARD for Swiss film, "The Last Chance," was presented by The Australian Women's Weekly correspondent, Viola Macdonald, recently. It was made to Edward Arnold on behalf of MGM.

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• LANA TURNER, star of MGM's "Green Dolphin Street," wears an entrancing Victorian bonnet over her brown hair, which was changed from platinum blonde color to its natural brown for the film. One of the most discussed actresses in Hollywood, Lana recently has been showing romantic interest in Tyrone Power and her frequent

plane trips to Mexico, where Power is making "Captain from Castile," have caused her studio some concern, plus thousands of dollars production hold-up costs. On one trip Lana spent £2000 on new clothes and hats in Mexico City. In "Green Dolphin Street" Lana has the role of a wilful girl who migrates to New Zealand and marries there.



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**1 ASSIGNED** to uncover Nazi atomic weapon secrets, Prof. Alvah Jesper (Gary Cooper) contacts Swiss woman scientist Dr. Loder (Helen Thimig), who agrees to help him, but is murdered, and Jesper has to escape.



**2 LANDING** in Italy, he is taken to meet distinguished eminent scientist Dr. Poldi (Vladimir Sokoloff), who is forced to work for Germans on atom bomb research. Jesper suspected by Fascist agent Luigi (M. Lawrence).



**3 PARTISANS** Pinki (Robert Alda) and Gina (Lilli Palmer) plan with Jesper to rescue Dr. Poldi's daughter, who is held by Nazis, and smuggle the pair out of Italy.



**4 ELUDING** Nazis, Pinki and friend Marsell (Dan Seymour) set out to find Poldi's daughter. Gina hides Jesper from secret police now strongly suspicious. They fall in love.

## The Cloak and Dagger

### Dramatic story of the Secret Service

CHARMING Austrian actress Lilli Palmer, who is married to Rex Harrison, has her first Hollywood role in this Warner Bros. thriller based on Underground activity in Fascist Italy.

Although she had never before fired a shot, diminutive Miss Palmer is required in the film to carry a 20lb. machine-gun. She also has to knife one man, shoot two others, and hold off a dozen more.

The film gives Robert Alda his first straight dramatic role after a series of musicals.

Supporting cast includes Vladimir Sokoloff, Ludwig Stossel, Dan Seymour, Marc Lawrence, and J. Edward Bromberg.



**5 HIDEOUT** is discovered, but Jesper kills Luigi after struggle and escapes with Dr. Poldi and Gina to farmhouse.

**6 ARRIVING** at farmhouse, Poldi learns his daughter is dead and they are trapped. Germans surround the farm.



**7 DESPERATE** battle begins, but Jesper manages to take Dr. Poldi by secret exit to airfield where plane is waiting. Gina tells Jesper she cannot come, as there is still work to be done. She urges him to leave at once with Dr. Poldi.



**8 REALISING** mission is complete, and he must get back to England, Jesper parts from Gina, promising he will return.



## Popular in Paris . . .



● Robert Piguet's blue satin evening gown is embroidered in black, with a large black velvet bow catching the folds of the fichu on one shoulder, leaving the other bare—a line that is extremely popular in Paris. Black velvet gloves and a choker necklace complete the picture.

● This frock from Paquin illustrates another popular trend—the long, sweater-like top worn with full bouffant skirt. Here, the bodice in black velvet is cut to the knees, then caught up in folds. This is also lovely in jersey with high neck and long sleeves over bouffant net skirts.

● Pierre Balmain shows this grey woollen frock of much dignity. The draped skirt caught up at the side gives the new and becoming sheath-like silhouette. The bolero is thickly encrusted with embroidery of pearls, gunmetal and steel beads, making lovely trimming.

—MARY HORDERN



**BUT I CAN'T  
SLEEP WITH A  
MISERABLE COLD**

Poor Child! It's hard for him to fall asleep when his nose is stuffy, his throat sore, his chest achy. It's a lucky youngster whose mother knows a way to ease his cold and make him feel comfy and able to sleep.

## Mother, Relieve His Cold WHILE HE SLEEPS

THE treatment is quite simple. Mother! Rub the child's throat, chest and back at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub. At once VapoRub starts to work in 2 ways to relieve all those discomforts. And the child, feeling warm and relaxed, soon falls asleep.

While the child sleeps, VapoRub goes on working for hours like this...

### INSIDE

Its medicinal vapours are breathed into the irritated air-passages. There they clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, calm coughing.

### OUTSIDE

And VapoRub works in another way as well...on the chest and back. Like a warming, soothing poultice, it eases congestion, "draws out" tightness.

Next morning, usually, the child wakes up delighted to find the worst of the cold over!

**VICKS  
VAPORUB**



**SLIP-COVER REJUVENATION.** Proper laundering begins with a brush... Brush out all loose dust, then wash as you would woollens, or use a dry-cleaning fluid; be careful in case it's inflammable.



**WHEN LAUNDERED,** put up double line (as shown) out of doors and in shade. Direct sunlight fades colors, but a brisk breeze hastens drying, dispels odor if dry-cleaning fluid is used.

## Candid mirror on the wall...

**A**MUSED laughter eddied round the table recently when a mid-40-year-old wittily described how she found herself turning away more and more frequently from full-length and direct-light mirrors.

The final crushing blow fell when a friend snapped her picture in bathing gear on the beach.

"That really finished it," she said, "I decided there and then to give up and spread quietly into middle-age. Though, honestly, I just don't see how I can possibly put on an extra pound—my life is practically perpetual motion, what with the housework, the shopping, and generally running around."

Mulling over it all, it seemed to me that she had grown older-looking of late, in an imperceptible way; not greying or wrinkling age, but a sort of all-over fading, combined with a definite thickening of the figure. I strongly suspected that she had already started in on her programme of "quietly relaxing."

Of course, she needed that quota of physical rest from household activities which is necessary for every woman and often has to be increased with advancing years. But it seemed to me she was weakening in her determination to keep mentally alert and physically fit.

I wanted to say to her, "This idea of just quietly relaxing is the menace, my dear. You just mustn't do that." Because there can be no relaxing for any woman who values fitness, vitality, and personal attractiveness, particularly the 40-year-old and over. A slim, trim body and an alert mind are the rewards of never entirely letting up, no matter what the inclination may be.

As the years roll by, the slim waist of youth will undoubtedly succumb to mature thickness if the stomach muscles are permitted to become flabby, lax, and fat-covered. We know that the characteristic difference between a young figure and a mature one is not so often a matter of pounds as it is of inches; it is more frequently thickness than weight that proclaims the passing of youth.

### Exercise no chore

**R**ELATIVELY few women of any age regard exercise as a pleasure and a necessity. Rather it is tackled as a chore—if at all. Not that they're lazy; they just can't be bothered.

But think about this for a minute. Body organs upon which major health and comfort depend are mostly situated in the abdominal cavity. They are supported by large, sheath-like muscles—three-way-stretch ones that run in layers up and down, from side to side, and on the bias.

Also in the abdominal cavity are important veins, arteries, nerve centres, glands, and ductless glands that strongly affect and regulate body functions; yet the middle is usually a most neglected section.

Taking it a step further, when those middle-body muscles are exercised the organs beneath are massaged by the muscular movement, which stimulates them to function more actively, and digestion and elimination become more thorough.

The flexing and contracting of the muscles also iron out nerve kinks whose tension would otherwise discourage the organs from functioning, and the same muscular activity also helps normalise glandular action.

So exercise is not just a rather bothersome business of thumping round on the floor as a means of shedding unwanted bulges, but a physical necessity for all of us.

Most of the glamorous and successful women we know insist that daily exercise is a bet nobody can afford to overlook.

Super-streamlined 38-year-old Joan Crawford, 8st. 4lb. for her 5ft. 4in., freely admits it. And how would you like the measurements of dancer de-luxe

Renee de Marco (bust 35, waist 24, hips 34), who does callisthenics in addition to her dancing? Or slim and shapely 60-year-old Ruth St. Denis, who looks a vivacious 40, and is an inveterate exerciser?

The idea that housework is a prime streamliner is something of a snare and delusion. It's mostly a matter of footwork and elbow-grease. You use your forearms and bend your back, sometimes to aching point, but, generally speaking, you use the same small muscles over and over without effectively exercising the muscles that keep you slim in the middle.

A walk in the fresh air will do much more for anyone's figure and complexion than a day in the kitchen.

I don't propose to give you any specific exercises here. Sufficient to say that, for your own sake, select one or two exercises for everyday use to keep your muscular-girdle in condition.

Reconditioning may take a while, depending on how long it has been since you've exercised, your posture, and just how much fat has infiltrated into the muscle fibres.

Posture is all important to exercise. In fact, posture is the beginning of all exercise, and for that reason lying-down exercises are the most fool-proof, because the position lets you forget about posture for the time being.

It may be necessary to diet to lose fat amidships. Over-eating plays a definite part in the middle-aged spread. It stretches the stomach.

Good feminine trick after a long, busy day is the beauty-rest treatment, a simple way to relax, to restore looks: Putting a thin layer of cream or mask on the face, lie down full-length for 15 minutes, feet higher than head, hips supported with a couple of pillows. R-E-L-A-X.

**HERE'S** a snappy apron—much too pretty to be hid away in the kitchen. Use a large-patterned fabric, double it, cut out circle for head, and bind; then attach straps to tie round waist; or slot through.



## Western Electric HEARING AIDS

**Better Hearing  
plus**

- NEW CONVENIENCE
- NEW ECONOMY
- NEW VERSATILITY

Through Western Electric's incomparable Model 64 Hearing Aid you will enjoy all those contacts and recreations which only the ability to hear makes possible. Once again you will hear with natural ease and clarity—without strain or distortion. You'll find, too, that Model 64 is versatile—can be worn as ONE UNIT or with separate batteries, which, in most cases, cut operating costs to approx. 1d an hour. Model 64 will improve your hearing to a degree hitherto thought impossible. Write or phone for an appointment NOW.

Western Electric Hearing Aids £20  
are priced from .....

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NEWCASTLE—Suite 14, "Sun" Building, Hunter Street Phone B 1980  
MELBOURNE—110 Collins Street Phone Central 4195  
BRISBANE—Commercial Bank Chambers, 229-231 Queen Street B 1903  
ADELAIDE—Chamber of Manufactures Building, 12-14 Pirie St. Cent. 5619  
PERTH—Messrs. Bainken and Bainken, 653 Hay Street Phone B 2338  
DUNDEE—Findlay's, Elizabeth Street Phone 2119  
LAUNCESTON—Findlay's, George Street Phone 452





**STRETCH COVER** into shape and pin (as shown) to lines. This distributes the tension of the threads and prolongs life of cover. Pulling cover to proper shape also cuts down on ironing job.

## Have them Immunised

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**MOTHERS**, do not neglect to have your infants and toddlers immunised against diphtheria and whooping-cough.

Health Departments in all States invite the co-operation of parents in stamping out dangerous epidemic diseases, and make immunisation easy of access to all. Local councils notify parents at what times and places they can bring their children for immunisation.

Don't fail to respond to their appeal!

A leaflet giving the symptoms and simple nursing treatment of some of the infectious fevers of childhood can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Send stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



**FINAL STEP.** Use warm (not hot) iron to achieve a "good-as-new" result. Put cover on chair at once to avoid creasing... and be proud of your handiwork.

## WRONG ATTITUDE TO MENTAL SICKNESS

**I**THOUGHT Mrs. Dalton was looking strained and tired when I passed her in the street. I spoke, and then stopped to have a word with her. Usually she is cheerful and sensible, but for some time now her son David, a brilliant boy, has been in a mental hospital.

"People are so tactless," she said. "They mean to be kind, I suppose, but when they carefully avoid asking me how David is getting on, and then I see them whispering together and looking meaningfully at one another when I come into a room, I could scream."

Perhaps Mrs. Dalton is a little oversensitive, but it is true that people have quite a wrong attitude to mental sickness.

They use terms like "asylum," "put away," "inmate," "keeper," and "violent," when actually the patient they are discussing is mentally ill.

Instead of having tuberculosis or diabetes, which would mean a physical disturbance, he or she is suffering from a mental disturbance. The mind isn't working as it should, and needs care and treatment.

Nobody says or feels that patients in general hospitals or T.B. sanatoriums are "put away." They assume that some day they'll go home, well.

The same attitude should be adopted to mental illness.

Many mental hospital patients are discharged fully recovered. So the term "mental hospital" is not only more hopeful, but more accurate than "asylum."

Mental hospitals give treatment, as do other kinds of hospitals. The treatment may take the form of medication, shock therapy, water treatment—soothing baths and stimulating sprays—massage, or occupational therapy to give the patients an interest, and something on which to focus their minds.

This is all very different from the old-time "asylum," where the "inmates" got little more than shelter and lifelong care. "Insane" and "insanity" are purely legal terms without medical significance.

Many people think that when someone is mentally ill, "there must be something in the family." This is often an error. Mental illness is by no means always hereditary. It is now believed that many mental illnesses spring from some maladjustment in childhood.

People who realise the modern attitude to mental illness do not discuss it in hushed and horrified whispers, but speak naturally of it, just as they do of physical illness—an attitude that is a great help to the relatives of the patient, and to the patient himself when he is discharged from hospital and resumes his normal life.

By MEDICO

## HOOVER

**THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER IS ON THE WAY!**

Here's good news for every woman—supplies of the famous Hoover are on the way! Instantly adaptable for cleaning from floor to ceiling, planned to save you time, strain and fatigue—your new Hoover is well worth waiting for. Write immediately and get your name down for one.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sole Australian Agents:

**JOHN S. DRYSDALE PTY. LTD.**

165 Clarence Street, Sydney

(near King St.) Phone BW 4617 or BW 5197

IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS

**Always Wakes up HAPPY and BRIGHT**



"Teething upsets" so easily pull baby down—yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/6

**Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS**

*SHE SAID "I'd love you as a bridesmaid Peg darling, but I just had to ask Bill's sister."*



*BUT SHE MEANT "Gosh, she's definitely out—that blotchy skin would spoil the whole picture."*



Then Peg found out how to end those skin faults by using

**REXONA MEDICATED SOAP**

AND THIS HAPPENED

*"I'll always send you gardenias, honey—they match that lovely skin of yours."*

CAPTURE A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION... and you capture everyone's admiration! Start using Rexona Medicated Soap regularly and see how much lovelier your skin can be! Rexona with its special medicaments floats out the impurities that cause blemishes... leaves your skin clear and velvety soft.



**REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL**, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Clove, Terebinth and Borneol Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

253.36

## WHEN RHEUMATICS

are relieved

life is worth living



So if your life is burdened with rheumatic aches and pains and you long for relief we urge you to try De Witt's Pills. Not that it is a "cure-all"; but simply because, after more than 57 years use the world over, De Witt's Pills is a household word for such troubles.

It is in the kidneys that rheumatic aches and pains so often originate. These vital organs get clogged, become sluggish; they then fail in their work of filtering waste and poisons from the system. These poisons, when not expelled, frequently set up trouble and cause pain and stiffness. De Witt's Pills stimulate

the kidneys, restore them to normal activity so that poisons and impurities are soon swept away.

It's pretty safe to say your neighbour, or a friend will speak highly of De Witt's Pills. So why not turn to them yourself? They have proved successful in so many cases. Ask your chemist for a bottle of De Witt's Pills to-day.

**DeWitt's KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS**

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.





**H**ERE is good news for the homemaker: Pressure cooking cuts hours to minutes by cooking meats, vegetables, steamed puddings, and soups in less than half the usual time.

Steam, first harnessed for power, is now woman's speediest servant in the kitchen.

There is nothing new in the idea of cooking food in steam. But cooking food in steam under pressure—that is news indeed.

With the use of pressure pans cooking time is greatly reduced.

The small quantity of water used, absence of air, and rapidity of cooking tend to reduce loss of mineral and vitamin content while retaining maximum color and flavor.

This method of cooking is particularly suited to the less tender cuts of meat, vegetables, steamed puddings, and soups.

When the pan is correctly handled, pressure is built up in the following way:

The small quantity of water used heats to boiling point. The resulting steam is locked in, thus creating pressure.

As the water heats, air is forced out of the pan. It is most important to let all air escape or temperature will not be accurate and cooking will take a longer time.

#### IMPORTANT POINTS TO REMEMBER

1—Follow manufacturer's directions closely and carefully.

2—Keep pan and steam vent clean at all times—a fine skewer or steel knitting needle is useful for cleaning the vent.

## Pressure Cooking

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

3—Use quantities of food and liquid recommended in recipes—overloading pan may cause vent to become stopped up.

4—Time the cooking period to the minute. Watch the clock, never leave pan unattended. Remember, you are more likely to overcook than undercook; even a minute too long can make a difference.

5—Always be sure to reduce pressure as directed by manufacturer's instructions before attempting to open pan.

6—The pan may be used more than once in the preparation of a single meal. For example, savory steak (cooking time 25 minutes) may be prepared, transferred to a saucepan to keep hot while vegetables cook in the pressure pan.

7—Three or four varieties of vegetables may be cooked in the pan at one time, without any interchange of flavor, provided those requiring same time and pressure are grouped together.

The following vegetable combinations have been successfully cooked in our testing kitchen:

Potatoes, 1½ in. slices; French beans, 1½ in. lengths; carrots, medium-sized quartered; all take ½ cup water and cook for 3 minutes after control jiggles at 15lb. pressure.

Potatoes, medium size, cut in halves; pumpkin, same size as potatoes; parsnips, medium size, cut in

halves; all take ½ cup water and cook for 8 minutes after control jiggles at 15lb. pressure.

Cauliflower flowerets; carrots, sliced; potatoes, 1½ in. slices; all take ½ cup water and cook for 2½ minutes after control jiggles at 15lb. pressure.

Note: Cooking time is counted from the moment control starts to jiggle—approximately 5 minutes from when pan is placed on stove. Sprinkle vegetables lightly with salt before cooking.

#### STEAMED DATE PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. dates, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter and sugar with lemon rind. Add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk and chopped dates. Turn into greased mould, cover with 2 thicknesses of greased paper. Place 3 cups water in pan. Stand pudding on rack, cover and steam without pressure control for 15 minutes. Set control at 5lb. pressure and cook a further 30 minutes. Reduce pressure quickly. Serve with lemon-flavored sauce.

#### HARICOT RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 rashers bacon, 2 small carrots, piece of swede, 1

stick celery, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, chopped parsley.

Soak rabbit ½ hour in salted water, cut into joints, dry. Remove rind from bacon, cut into small pieces. Melt fat in pan, add rabbit joints, brown on both sides. Take out of pan, add onion and flour, pepper and salt, brown lightly. Stir in water or stock and sauce, continue stirring until boiling. Add rabbit, lemon rind, bacon, and diced vegetables. Cover, bring pressure to 10lb., cook 25 minutes for small young rabbit, 35 to 40 minutes for large rabbit. Dust with chopped parsley before serving.

#### CURRIED CHOPS

Six best neck chops, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 small onion, 1 apple, chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 2 cups water or stock.

Wipe and trim chops, removing fat and gristle. Melt fat in pan, add chops, brown lightly on both sides. Remove from pan. Add diced onion, apple, and flour, salt and pepper, brown lightly. Stir in stock or water, sugar, sultanas, and lemon juice; continue stirring until boiling. Replace meat, adjust lid. Cook 30 minutes at 10lb. pressure. Allow pressure to reduce gradually. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

A CONSIDERABLE SAVING in both time and fuel—savory beef cooked to a delicious tenderness in 25 minutes using a pressure saucepan—beans and sliced potatoes tenderised in less than three minutes.

#### CREAMED TRIPE

One pound tripe, 1 medium onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups water, 1 cup milk, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, piece of bacon rind.

Wash tripe well, cut into 1½ in. cubes. Place in pan, cover with cold water, bring to boil uncovered. Drain. Add the 1½ cups water, bacon rind, salt, and sliced onion. Cover, bring pressure to 10lb., cook 30 to 45 minutes according to quality of tripe. Reduce pressure quickly, take out ½ cup of liquid and bacon rind. Add flour and mustard blended to a very smooth paste with the milk. Stir until boiling. Stir in butter, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Just before serving fold in parsley and lemon juice.

#### BRAISED OXTAIL

One oxtail, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 cups stock or water, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup diced carrots, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon herbs, chopped parsley.

Wash tail well, dry, cut into joints. Coat thoroughly with seasoned flour. Melt fat in pan, add meat, brown well. Add stock or water, herbs, and prepared vegetables. Bring up to 10lb. pressure, cook 1½ hours if oxtail is large, 1 hour if tail is small. Reduce pressure gradually. Top with parsley before serving.

Continued on page 43



# HILTON



**HILTON**  
THE DEPENDABLE  
*Stockings*

## PAIN

you can't  
"explain"

Blessed  
New Relief  
for girls  
who suffer  
every month



WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sickening—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—my Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

"Myzone not only gives great relief but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★The secret is Myzone's amazing Aterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



SERVE POTATO CAKES wedged with tomato slices and bacon rolls for breakfast . . . Ideal, too, for a tasty snack on cool autumn nights.

## How bright they are, these PRIZEWINNING RECIPES

● Delicious chocolate marshmallow cake tops the list of prizewinners this week.

VARY those old favorites, potato cakes, by splitting them in two when cooked and filling with tomato slices and bacon rolls.

There are dozens of different fillings. Try a combination of sweet corn and celery or creamed carrots and peas, or simply spread with a thin layer of fish paste.

Chocolate pastry makes a delicious base for sweet tartlets. Filled with lemon-flavored stewed apple, topped with mock cream and chocolate icing, you'll find them delicious morsels for afternoon tea or supper.

### CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Half cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Cream the shortening and sugar thoroughly with vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour and salt, add alternately with milk. Pour into well-greased and lined recess tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 35 to 40 minutes. When quite cold fill recess with marshmallow mixture, and coat cake completely with soft chocolate icing.

Marshmallow Topping: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place sugar, water, and gelatine in saucepan. Bring to boil and boil for 3 minutes. Pour into basin. Allow to cool slightly. Add vanilla and lemon juice and beat till white and thick and cold. Pour into recess.

Soft Chocolate Icing: One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 6oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa or grated chocolate, vanilla, about 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift icing sugar and cocoa together. (If using grated chocolate blend with milk, add gradually to creamed shortening, beating well.) Beat in milk a little at a time, mixing to spreading consistency. Flavor with vanilla. Spread over top and sides of cake. Rough up with a fork and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Stand in cool place until firm.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Cohen, 8 Clarence Ave., Carnegie, Vic.

### BACON AND POTATO SPLITS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. margarine or dripping, 1lb. dry mashed potato, a little milk, fat for frying, tomatoes, grilled bacon rolls.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in shortening. Add mashed potato, mixing well. Add sufficient milk to make into a fairly soft dough. Roll out on floured board to 1in. thickness. Cut into rounds with floured cutter. Deep-fry in fuming fat till golden brown. Split open while hot. Wedge open with a thick tomato slice and grilled bacon roll. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Ryder, Howa Rd., Toombul, Brisbane.

### CRISPY PINEAPPLE RINGS

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, slices of pineapple, lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt; add sugar. Beat egg and add milk. Stir into sifted dry ingredients. Add orange rind and melted shortening. Remove cores from centres of pineapple slices. Dip into batter, deep-fry till golden brown. Drain and serve hot drenched with lemon juice and dusted with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Parker, 53 Waitara Parade, South Hurstville, N.S.W.

### CHOCOLATE APPLE TARTLETS

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pinch salt, little milk if necessary, cold stewed apple (flavored with lemon rind), mock cream, warm chocolate icing.

Cream margarine or butter and sugar together. Beat in egg-yolk. Add sifted dry ingredients, mixing well. Add a little milk, if necessary, to make into fairly soft dough. Roll thinly on floured board. Cut out with fluted or plain cutter. Line patty tins. Cook in hot oven (400deg. F.) for 10 to 12 minutes.

When cold, place a teaspoonful of cold stewed apple in each tartlet. Cover with mock cream, smoothing over to give an even surface. Ice smoothly with chocolate icing. Chopped nuts may be added.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Perry, 34 Main St., Earlwood, N.S.W.

## PRESSURE COOKING — from page 42

### IRISH STEW

Six best neck chops, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 medium sliced onions, 4 medium sliced potatoes, 2 cups water or stock, chopped parsley.

Wash, dry, and trim chops. Coat well with seasoned flour. Place sufficient water in pan to cover bottom, add floured chops, sprinkle lightly with any remaining flour, add balance of water. Adjust cover of pan, bring pressure to 10lb., cook 15 minutes. Meanwhile peel and slice onions and potatoes, cover with boiling water and stand 5 minutes. When meat has cooked 15 minutes reduce pressure quickly, remove lid. Place prepared vegetables on top of

meat, adjust lid, bring pressure up to 10lb. again, and cook further 10 minutes. Reduce pressure gradually and serve stew sprinkled thickly with chopped parsley.

### SAVORY STEAK

One and a half pounds round steak, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 stick celery, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 parsnip, 1½ cups water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce.

Trim steak, cut into 1in. cubes. Roll well in seasoned flour. Melt fat in pan, add meat, brown lightly. Add any remaining flour and brown. Stir in liquid, continue stirring until boiling. Add diced vegetables, cover, and bring pressure to 10lb. Cook 25 mins.

# Her jumper has that New look...that Lux Look!



"SPOTLIGHT"  
an exclusive Lux jumper  
(free pattern below)

Woollies stay new-looking far longer with gentle Lux care

There's a winsome loveliness about Lux-washed woollies! They stay so fresh and fair—sweet as a bed of bee-loved lavender. And they keep that way year in, year out, when you wash them in Lux suds. It's strong soaps and harsh methods like hard rubbing that make woollies shabby before their time. But a dip in creamy Lux keeps woollies fresh and shapely—with that lovely new look, that LUX LOOK.



## Send for these FREE KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Free instructions for "Spotlight" jumper will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped, addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Office, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.

U.242.26



## HANDYPLAST

ELASTIC WOUND AIR STRIP DRESSING

HERTS PHARMACEUTICALS LIMITED

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DO YOU LIKE A GOOD BISCUIT?

*The years have proved  
its dependability*



**Arnott's**  
MILK ARROWROOT  
BISCUITS



DO YOU LIKE A CRISP CRACKER?



ONLY  
**Arnott's**  
MAKE  
**SAO**  
BISCUITS



DO YOU LIKE TO BE FIT?



*Then Here's the way*  
**Arnott's**  
SHREDDED WHEATMEAL  
BISCUITS